

The

SATURDAY REVIEW

FOUNDED
IN
1855

No. 4110. Vol. 157

4 AUGUST, 1934

The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

What the National Government has done

THE "National" Government's trumpeter is dead! — it has issued vainglorious films and posters applauding its own achievements to the skies—to say nothing of a strange picture paper called the "Popular Pictorial." Is some misguided "National" enthusiast paying the piper? (Of course, with an eye on the honours list).

The National Government claims that all is for the best in the best of all possible Britains ruled by the best of all possible Governments, because—

(I) Sir Malcolm Campbell broke the world's speed record on land with a speed of 272 miles per hour.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Stanley Baldwin and the rest of them had as much to do with Sir Malcolm Campbell's record as they had with the eclipse of the sun.

(II) Our Air Force won the Schneider Trophy outright.

That was won in September, 1931 before the formation of the National Government, because Lady Houston paid the expenses.

(III) Lord Clydesdale and his fellow airmen flew over Mount Everest and looked down on the highest mountain in the world—

Because Lady Houston financed this brave adventure.

Much is said about unemployment. Yet there are 429,000 more people in receipt of poor relief than in 1931, and in two years the number of permanently unemployed men has increased by 61,000.

Our Foreign policy has been a tale of cowardice, hesitation and folly. The chances of war have been multiplied by a sentimentalism which bleats of peace and disarmament and leaves the world in doubt as to our sanity. Our friends have ceased to rely on us and we have deliberately chosen an isolation which only overwhelming strength could justify.

Worst of all, before the whole world we declare the inadequacy of our defences.

Our Army estimates and our Air estimates are lower than the estimates introduced by the Socialist Government in 1930.

Our Navy estimates are lower than the estimates introduced by the Conservative Government in 1925. Our Navy is below strength in material and personnel—the Admiralty own it.

The Air Force is below strength—the Air Ministry own it. But Lady Houston's offer of support is rejected and, instead, we are fobbed off with Mr. Baldwin's promise of another Conference.

The Indian record of this Government could scarcely be worse. It has surpassed even the Socialists in its eagerness to abandon its sacred duty and to undo the great work that Englishmen accomplished for the good of the Empire and of the Indians.

Foreign imports are already up this year by 34 millions. How much longer can this Government continue to masquerade as defenders of our Commerce?

Four millions for Austria, nothing for National development at home, only legislation to prevent individual initiative.

Muddle and indecision have made the confusion of our Betting and Licensing laws more confounded.

Socialists and Communists are given a free hand. Anti-Socialists are treated as blackguards.

The National Government has neither policy nor principles, and without principles a country cannot live. The existence of our country depends on the destruction of this monstrosity.

Notes of the Week

Navy Week—without a Navy!

OR—all that is left to us of the British Navy once Mistress of the Seas—and **ONLY** when she regains this position can the world rest in **PEACE**.

♦♦

What Navy Week Means

During the Week all ships are open to inspection, and the visitor can wander at will, delving into those mysteries which interest him, ignoring those which do not. From battleship to submarine, all is open to his view with trained men to explain those points on which he needs elucidation. That is one of the charms of Navy Week. It is not in the least pretentious, and there is very little spectacle. It is designed more with a view of giving the visitor an insight into the normal routine of the Navy, of the conditions under which the men live and work, of the Navy as it always is, just carrying on with its job.

The idea behind this public view is, of course, to get the general public to realise and appreciate the great and historic weapon the Navy was—and should be. The traditions of the service are always to the fore. At any rate, we have the men, if not the ships.

♦♦

Smuts the Realist

General Smuts, South African Minister of Justice, has paid a graceful compliment to the British Navy. Speaking at a military banquet, he said: "In our exposed position here, we know what the protection of the British Navy means. During the Great War we had this remarkable situation—that the British Navy, without engaging in the turmoil and strife, by its sheer presence, was sufficient to ensure victory for the Allied forces. That is something wonderful—something that South Africans can appreciate."

Unlike our British statesmen, General Smuts is a realist. He understands the danger of weakness in an armed and arming world. Continuing his speech, he said: "We rejoice that we have that great protection for which we pay nothing. We are proud that we have such friends and allies in a world that is becoming more and more dangerous, and the world is becoming more dangerous. The old dream has gone. We dreamt of peace and a peaceful world. But now we know we must always be prepared and ready to defend our rights." Such words will make us wish we had a man in this country whose eyes are not blinded by the dust of disarmament.

Baldwin's Blind Eye

Here are two simultaneous events. Mr. Baldwin was informing a tense House of Commons that so far as he could see there was no risk in the immediate future of peace being broken. From Vienna and on the Austrian frontier the foreign correspondents were hurtling sensational cables to their newspapers telling of the critical situation on the Austro-Jugo-Slav frontier at Lavamund. A group of 300 Austrian Nazis were cornered on a mountain top by a large force of Austrian troops. If the Nazis were attacked and one stray shot fell on Jugo-Slav soil, the Jugo-Slavs threatened immediately to invade Austrian territory. Meantime they were supplying the rebel Nazis with food and drink. On the Austro-Italian frontier, stiff with Mussolini's troops, the Austrians were being encouraged to attack the rebels, and promised the aid of 50,000 Italian soldiers if the Jugo-Slavs marched in. With Jugo-Slavs and Italians thirsting to get at one another's throats over the prostrate body of unhappy Austria, little is required to explode the powder chest. But Mr. Baldwin sees no risk of peace being broken, packs up his trunks and goes for a cure to Aix-les-Bains. What vision!

♦♦

Muddling Along

We are a wonderful nation. Would anybody but ourselves stand for our politicians? With the world in turmoil, Mr. Baldwin, Acting Prime Minister, lights his pipe, packs up the nation's trunks in his old kit bag and disappears (as stated) to Aix-les-Bains. Our titular Prime Minister is in Nova Scotia or somewhere in Canada, but nobody knows or cares a brass farthing. All our *Chefs de Mission* in Paris, Rome, Vienna and Berlin are absent on leave or are not where they are wanted in these critical hours. In the House of Commons the heights of intelligence are reached in the crisis when a bright young gentleman, Mr. Godfrey Nicholson, who represents the Morpeth division of Northumberland, asks Sir John Simon if he has made a "direct protest to the German Government and an expression of reprobation." Perhaps the most amazing thing of all is that the Foreign Secretary did not administer a caustic snub to such a fatuous question. But probably Sir John Simon has turned his cheek to the smiter so often, it has become a habit. Thus do we muddle along while the foreigner thinks we are sinister.

♦♦

Timid, Tentative, and Tardy

Mr. Winston Churchill, with his usual genius for precise and just expression, has summed up the Government's present air programme in three words—"timid, tentative and tardy." Those three words adequately describe it. The Government has obviously been alarmed by the trend of recent events on the Continent; they are fully conscious

of the peril of our present defenceless position; they know in their hearts that disarmament is dead; yet they continue to play with the idea of international agreements and embark hesitantly on a programme of air re-armament for Britain that will leave this country not only very far from attaining air parity with our strongest neighbours, but in the five years to come no better off relatively in air strength than we are at present.

Even the United States, who are far less exposed to attack than we are, have just decided to increase their air strength by 461 machines in a single year. Mr. Baldwin can talk of the Rhine as Britain's real frontier to-day, but he carefully blinds himself to the fact that Germany to-day has potential air resources which Britain cannot boast. And here in London, in Mr. Churchill's graphic metaphor, we have a "valuable fat cow tied up to attract all the beasts of prey" ravening over Europe to-day.

There are two things that ought to be done at once: the first is that the defences of London should be made as impregnable as it is humanly possible to make them; the other is to set about creating that "deterrent" of which Mr. Baldwin speaks but shows no sign of providing.

**

Et tu Brute

A Mr. Naoroji Dumasia has rushed into print to defend Lord Willingdon against the serious allegation that he was morally responsible for the death of the lamented Jam Sahib, better known as Ranji. It is a case of "save me from my friends," for if Mr. Dumasia's explanation means anything it is that Ranji lacked courage. Actually, as has been pointed out, his case is not unlike Great Caesar's, who, when stabbed to the heart by his greatest friend and confidante, merely said "Et tu Brute," and gave himself up to death. If, as Mr. Dumasia says there had been a deep and abiding friendship between the two men, all the less reason that the Viceroy should have stabbed him with words, when Ranji was doing his duty however unpleasant it was to him. The fact remains that Lord Willingdon's prestige in this country has suffered severely ever since the episode took place and his Parsee apologist has not made matters any better.

**

The Red Rag to a Bull

The Government are going to take a very foolish step if they seriously intend to introduce legislation to render the wearing of Black shirts or any other shirts illegal. Sir John Gilmour ought never to have been made Home Secretary for his merits do not warrant such high and responsible office. More than once the Blackshirt movement has been like a red rag to a bull to him, and if he thinks to destroy the Mosley followers by prohibiting the wearing of a jersey he will probably find that he is giving it a new impetus instead. In any

case, legal restrictions as to wearing apparel savour of mediæval times and are really too ridiculous. The Blackshirts are properly owed a debt by Conservative and Liberal politicians, for they alone have paid out Socialist hooligans and thugs in their own coin, and for that alone should receive a meed of consideration. We suppose that actually men like Sir John Gilmour have less antipathy for the tenets of Communism than for the scathing comments of Sir Oswald Mosley.

**

Gallant Dollfuss

The whole civilised world was stirred to the depths when the news came through last week that little Dr. Dollfuss, the Austrian Chancellor, had been brutally assassinated. For long he had held a charmed life, threatened in all directions, almost always at bay with enemies beyond his frontiers and ruthless rebels within the gates, but he lightly surmounted difficulty after difficulty, much like a cork in a stormy sea. Dollfuss's troubles really began with the iniquitous Treaty of Versailles, which doled out territories to grasping powers regardless of the rights of populations. With his State dependent on the charity of outsiders, bankrupt and unable to recover, he was gallantly struggling towards better conditions when a stupid peasant was given the power to strike him down. The pitiable thought is that the heroic little Chancellor, though badly wounded, was allowed to bleed to death because no-one had the sense or humanity to fetch a doctor. Dollfuss has not given his life in vain, for, if anything is certain in that troubled country, Nazi-ism has also received a death-blow. We have yet to learn how deeply involved in this clumsy attempt at a *coup d'état* were Hitler and his blood-drinking lieutenants. Mussolini seems to be in very little doubt on the subject.

**

De Valera's Latest Insult

It is good news to learn that preparations are to be put in hand, with the gracious permission of the King, to commemorate His Majesty's Silver Jubilee in May next year. Details will be known in due course, but there will be a solemn visit to St. Paul's Cathedral to return thanks to the Almighty. The Empire will be represented by all the Prime Ministers of the various Oversea Dominions except, we regret to say, the Irish Free State. Mr. De Valera turns down the invitation flat. He will not be here, "in the existing circumstances," which mean in the existing circumstances of the stupid and vindictive type of war he has wantonly forced upon the rest of the British Isles, and which is leading to the steady ruin and bankruptcy of the Free State. We will say nothing about the lack of courtesy and manners which invariably characterise this political adven-

turer, and his scarcely veiled insult to the King, but is it not about time steps were taken to force Mr. de Valera to render us the allegiance of his country or to excommunicate the Free State from the Empire and treat it as an unfriendly country? This running sore in our side badly needs lancing.

**

Our Noble Sovereign

By His Majesty's desire the Jubilee celebrations are to be as simple as possible, and while every effort will certainly be made everywhere to comply with the King's wishes one may be sure of one thing, namely, that the celebrations will be inspired by an immense affection for a Monarch who has given his subjects throughout the Empire such a magnificent example of selfless and tireless devotion to duty. No King has discharged the high responsibilities of his august position more faithfully or with greater understanding of and sympathy with the peoples over whom he has been called to rule than His Majesty George V, and the tie of loyalty to the Throne that binds the whole far-flung Empire together is all the stronger to-day because of the nobility of character of the Sovereign, who for twenty-four years has presided so wisely over our destinies.

**

Protect British Shipping

The shipping situation at home is becoming very grave and will brook very little more delay unless we are tamely prepared to see the Red Ensign vanish. The Chamber of Shipping's annual report discloses the fact that as compared with 1932, entrances and clearances of British shipping in the ports of the United Kingdom fell by a million net tons whilst those of foreign vessels increased by two and a half million tons. Not many people realise that shipping services represent our principal export, being greater than cotton, iron or steel. Their total value in 1932 was 59 millions sterling; in 1913 it was 94 millions, or over 131 millions sterling on the then value of the pound. A great deal of this disastrous loss is caused by the decline in the export of coal, which is unlikely to recover, for coal is a dying commercial commodity. The real remedy is strict legislation to protect British shipping by harbour dues and other charges as are used in discrimination against us abroad. Why should any foreign shipping line or tramps be permitted to carry British goods to or from the Empire to our home ports on equal terms with our own?

**

Petty Tyranny

Another instance of the chaotic state of our film censorship has arisen at Brighton. An exhibitor has been fined five pounds or eleven days' imprisonment for showing *Poil de Carotte*, a picture which was hailed in London as a masterpiece. The ground for the prosecution was not that any

scene of immorality was depicted but that the film was grisly! It is high time that local bodies were prevented from committing these acts of petty tyranny, which deprive the public of the chance of seeing worth while films, harass exhibitors, and drive artists to frenzy. The truth of the matter is that not one local government body in ten is competent to rule.

**

Another Whitehall Blunder

British history is saturated with instances of distinguished members of the Services having been slighted by the tyrants of Whitehall. The latest case is that of Rear-Admiral Tomkinson, which was reviewed in a chivalrous manner by Sir Roger Keyes in the House of Commons on Tuesday. It constitutes another flagrant act of injustice. In spite of the First Lord's roundabout and quite unconvincing defence of the Admiralty's action, it remains clear that the Admiralty alone were responsible for the disaffection that broke out among the Fleet at Invergordon. In recalling his ships in order that the men's grievances might be investigated, and inviting a member of the Admiralty Board to conduct an enquiry, Admiral Tomkinson took a sane and diplomatic course which probably saved the situation. The fact that his action was afterwards endorsed in the House of Commons by the then First Lord, leads one to suppose that Whitehall likewise approved of the steps taken. That, a year after this incident, Admiral Tomkinson should be relieved of his command without any warning of any kind is one of those inexplicable instances of official fickleness, the principal result of which is to make the British public wonder uneasily whether the destinies of its Navy are best guided from Whitehall.

**

Tragedy of the B.B.C.

The encouragement by the B.B.C. of American crooners, compères and dance bands, to which we referred last week, has reached its limit. The latest example was a variety entertainment called "International Café," which consisted of a medley of songs rendered in Russian, Hungarian, French and Spanish. One could have overlooked the character of the performance, which was of the standard obtaining at a second-rate music hall, but the whole affair was ruined by the nasal interruptions of the compère. One wonders whether the officials at the B.B.C. responsible for the arrangements of the programmes are entirely devoid of a cultured ear for music, or whether the American invasion has extended as far as the selection board.

**

Lady Houston writes:—

SILVER BELLE disappointed us again at Goodwood—if she does not do better next time I shall seriously consider renaming her—SILVER PLATED BELLE!

Mr. Baldwin Runs Away

By Kim

MR. BALDWIN is the most distressing—I was almost saying wanton—of our politicians to-day. He is so distressing because he sins against the light. He tells us with refreshing candour what is essential to our well-being and then does the very opposite.

I cannot account for it by any other explanation than that it is due to a kink in his character. With all the good fairies who were present at his birth there was one bad fairy, who said, "this man baby shall get people to trust him by his plausibility, but he shall always stultify himself." Mr. Baldwin's career has seen a long series of stultifications, and now at the present moment, with Europe in a state of extreme tension, with an explosion quite likely to occur at any moment, he reviews the situation with remarkable clarity, points out our dangers, and does nothing to provide against them.

Take Monday's debate on the Government's Air Policy which was the subject of a Vote of Censure by the Socialists. Mr. Baldwin viewed the situation abroad with remarkable vigour. He said plainly that "since the day of the air the old frontiers have gone, and when you think of the defences of England you no longer think of the white chalk cliffs of Dover: you think of the Rhine. That is where our frontier lies to-day."

The New Frontier Line

Absolutely true. The Rhine, in this Air Age, whether we like it or no is the frontier of our national safety. East of it lie Germany and Russia, uncertain and unstable quantities, Austria, a very devil's cauldron of sinister possibilities, and with the Balkan and Slav states on the one side and Italy, with her excitable tendencies, as easily ignited as a heath fire by a lighted match. West of it, Belgium, whose integrity we have sworn to protect and must protect in our own interests, and France, whose European interests run on parallel lines to our own, require a system of "pooled security" in which we must play our part or eventually be picked off piece-meal and pay a penalty such as the mind recoils from even painting.

Mr. Baldwin's review did not come to a full stop at the Rhine. He mentioned that in view of the programmes of foreign powers our air defence without additions would be unable to honour the Locarno Treaty if called upon, and if our air defence was sufficiently powerful it would add to the security of the nation if such an event should materialise. Except for those who call themselves "Isolationists," and the Socialist Party, none will dispute the absolute necessity of making such a provision and the wisdom of these words. Of the Socialist outlook it is unnecessary to say anything except that they are invariably so absorbed in their absurd war with "capitalism" that the weaker the nation is and the greater its peril from outside the more they welcome it. Every Pacifist and Internationalist has their blessing and they regard with

equanimity the possibility of a foreign foe who would destroy capitalistic enterprise, forgetting that millions of the workers would die of wounds, gas, or starvation in the process.

Towards the "Isolationists," now being worked up artificially by a certain daily newspaper, Mr. Baldwin was more courteous than they deserved. He said they might be isolationists but they were not historians. He quoted the late Mr. F. S. Oliver's work on Robert Walpole, one sentence of which was that "Isolation is the bubble of a dis-tempered imagination." It can in fact only be advanced by persons who have no sense of world politics or are blinded by prejudice. The isolation movement is one of the most insane stunts run by the popular national press, and it is not even supported by the only possible corollary, namely an air force, an army, and a navy which could defy if needed the half at least of Europe.

Stultification

So far, therefore, Mr. Baldwin had been admirable. He had pointed out our weaknesses and stressed our responsibilities if unhappily a clash of arms were to occur. Having done this he stultified all his previous argument by a trifling and almost frivolous remedy. He proposes to meet the perilous situation, which week by week places us at a greater disadvantage *vis-a-vis* foreign Powers, by adherence to the absurd programme of an additional 460 machines to be completed in five years' time. Such is his pill to cure an earthquake!

What possible excuse has Mr. Baldwin for such an abject anti-climax to his story? There is, as far as he can see, no risk in the immediate future of peace being broken! What! It may be broken on the Austrian frontiers before these words are printed. We have time to spare to put our own defences in order! Expert opinion says we have not the time. Mr. Baldwin himself showed the enormous strides forward in machines, in men, and in budgetary expenditure by every great Power. Germany is supposed to have a secret air force of some 5,000 machines and Russia is piling up air armaments for deliberate use by slave labour. In four years we have added 42 machines in all, our latest bombers are said to be defective, and in the next five years we shall on the present programme add fewer than 100 machines per annum to a depleted air force, already using out-of-date machines.

When Brig.-Gen. Critchley, in a fine maiden speech, put forward an urgent plea for 1,000 more fighting planes and 1,000 more pilots by 1937, he with his vast experience requested the minimum for safety. That will have to be acceded to and the sooner Mr. Baldwin treats the Pacifist element with the contumely it deserves instead of running away from an overwhelming majority of British men and British women for fear of Pacifist influence, the better for him and the Nation.

Making Germany Gas-Proof

By Charles E. Hewitt, Junior

IT is about 10 o'clock at night in any large German city. But the streets are deserted. Cinemas, theatres, and restaurants are closed. No trams are running, not a motor-car is in sight. The street lamps are out, and no glimmer of light shines from private homes. Storm-Troops patrol the streets in strange head-dresses.

Suddenly the swirl and roar of aeroplane propellers cut the air; bells sound, sirens whine, and a hundred searchlights slice the sky. The population crouches in cellars, waiting not for death to strike but for the official signal for release.

These are the "drill" evenings already enjoyed in such great German cities as Breslau and Mainz, and promised the entire German people before the year is out. The campaign for "Air Protection" is being waged in the Third Reich with as much fervour and thoroughness as prohibition was ballyhooed in America or the battle for Women's Suffrage ever was waged in England. "Air Protection" is the slogan of the day in the New Germany.

Anti-Gas Troops

Exceedingly thorough drills have been held even in Berlin. The 120,000 inhabitants of the Tempelhof section of the city, for instance, are regular spectators of spectacular work-outs on the part of the local air-protection squad. This suburb boasts two anti-gas troops, each with its gas expert, its rubber suits, helmets and gloves. Two converted fire wagons carry gas-fighting equipments. Rehearsal takes place as follows:—

A bomb attack is reported to the poison gas-station by the "gas-guard" or "look-out" of a large apartment house in the middle of the district. Since small poison gas-stations are identical with the police-stations, two men speed to the spot of the attack in a police car. They are attired in rubber from head to foot. Springing to the imaginary shellhole, they take samples of the gas-impregnated earth, jump back into the car, and soon away to the chemical laboratory.

Here it is identified as "blue-cross," "green-cross," or "yellow-cross" gas (tear-gas, regular poison gas, mustard gas). Ten minutes later the gas-wagons loaded with the proper equipment are upon the deadly spot.

If the diagnosis has been green-cross gas, the first car to arrive resembles an ordinary "sprinkler," and is manned by a rubber-uniformed crew of five. It wets down the entire suspicious area. The second is merely a truck loaded with chloride of lime, which five more gas-warriors shovel overboard on to the same surface. They are spryly followed by five more specialists armed with great street-sweeping brooms, who see that the lime is evenly and thoroughly spread. A final complete rinsing from the sprinkler, and the district is declared free from the gas menace. Speeches follow,

in which the large audience of curiosity-seekers is admonished to join the "air-protection league."

Most of Germany's 65,000,000 citizens have been embraced by this organisation in the last three months, whether they like it or not. Nominated by Air Minister Goering, efficient organizers have transformed each police-district in the nation into an Air Protection Zone administered by a trusty Storm-Troop or party leader, where possible with war experience. Lectures, cinema, and house-to-house canvasses explain repeatedly and in detail the elements of the new defence.

In the big cities there is appointed an executive responsible for the "education" of every inhabitant of his district, a technical head for each ward, a Block-Leader for every group of houses, and a House-Captain for each single dwelling. These must attend "enlightenment meetings" regularly, and collect small monthly dues from the rest of their household. In filling these posts the authorities give preference to men over 35, for the official reason that "at the time of gas attacks younger men will probably be elsewhere."

In emergency moments the House-Leader is vested with deputy's powers, and each of his fellow-dwellers is constrained to follow his every command at risk of extreme penalties.

Roof-Top Fire-Fighters

Each house has two "fire-guards," whose duty is to insure as much safety as possible against fire-bombs. Their responsibilities are simple and definite. They must see that the attics of the house in their charge is free of any burnable junk. As fire-fighting tools, they must station on top of the house-roof large barrels of sand, together with axes and shovels. Gas masks and heavy gloves complete their own personal equipment.

Their chief assistant is the first-aid man, also compulsory for every dwelling. Recruited from medical ranks where possible, in every case he is trained thoroughly in the elementary treatment of various gas-cases.

Each house or house group will in the future boast a "gas-proof" cellar. A surprising proportion of German homes do so already. Detailed plans for them have been distributed broadcast, and construction details are explained at length in hundreds of weekly lectures. Government credit is readily advanced to any home-owner who will undertake to dig his family a gas-cellar. So readily, in fact, that the present budget of Berlin alone contains 8,000,000 marks for "provision of suitable gas attack retreats for the populace."

Though by the Versailles terms, Germany may not have military squadrons in the air, she is going about the business of chasing her citizens down into the cellars with unheard of speed and efficiency.

Twenty Years After

From Sarajevo to Vienna

[By a Special Correspondent]

ON this fatal day, the 4th of August, twenty years ago, England went to war, the occasion, although not the cause, being the murder of the Austrian Grand Duke. If we had been in danger of forgetting the event, we are dramatically reminded of it. On the same stage we have just seen another tragedy, the murder of the Austrian Chancellor. It is a moving and a terrible coincidence.

The first event led to war; the second very nearly caused another; if the plot had succeeded—and it came near to success—we can hardly doubt that the Bavarian Nazis would have marched over the border from Munich, and the threat to the independence of Austria would have challenged action from Italy, France, and England.

It is now being denied that England would have gone to war; but it is well to remember that only in February last the British Government made itself responsible for the tripartite declaration that the independence of Austria was necessary to the peace of Europe. Did that declaration mean something, or, like so much of our modern diplomacy, did it mean nothing?

A Grim Alternative

A country, presumably, does not engage itself unless it is prepared to face the consequences. If the plot had succeeded we should either have had to stand in or stand out—a disagreeable dilemma. The Continent, at least, would have been at war.

With that chastening reflection, let us turn to the tragedy, its cause and its meaning. All humane Englishmen heaved a sigh or shed a tear for Dollfuss. He was so small, so brave, so gay, and such an Austrian! The crime besides was swift, violent, pitiless and public—like the murder of St. Thomas à Becket. We could almost see the thing happening through the window of the Chancellery—with the clamour of the baffled Heimwehr outside, the anguish of his helpless colleagues, and Major Fey, ignominiously bargaining for his own life on the balcony.

Behind this vivid and pitiful scene is another and a greater tragedy—the fate of Austria herself. Mr. Lloyd George, who complacently goes on writing his Memoirs, after he has done his worst for the soldiers and the sailors, and proved that he alone won the war, will have to come to the more deadly peace—and then no doubt we shall hear him justify the fate of Austria, which has hung even since, like a dismembered malefactor publicly dying. We speak of the valour of ignorance, but there is also a cruelty of ignorance—which is even more terrible.

Austria, even when at war, was always friendly to England. The countries are so situated that it might seem as if they could not harm each other. And the Austrians are such charming people—so

full of natural happiness, and gaiety and music and song—so warm of heart, so sensitive in their feelings and in their honour—that to know them was to like them. Moreover their Empire was not only necessary to Vienna but to Eastern Europe.

Was it not Bismarck who said that it would have been necessary to invent the Austrian Empire if it did not already exist?

The Hapsburgs had their faults (like all of us); but they were more useful (and more ornamental) than most of us. They had their great tradition of statesmanship, they gave prestige and legality to a system that would not otherwise have held together. They pacified, civilised, and humanised a congeries of diverse and turbulent races that would otherwise have been at one another's throats. They gave a vast area law, administration and a system of commerce and communications. Without them, all that part of Europe was no more than a collection of cul-de-sacs, as it has since remained, unable to trade, unable to live, unable to rule.

Democracy Blunders

Such was the statesmanship of those two demagogues, President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George, who are chiefly responsible. Whatever Italy or Roumania demanded they had it in their power to see justice done, or (if the reader prefers it) mercy meted out, and we know from Lloyd George's phrase, "the ramshackle Empire," with what vindictiveness the Radical treated the ancient and stately fabric he was too ignorant to understand. Here is the fault of democracy: it prefers the demagogue to the man of wisdom and education.

The mischief is done, and it passes the wit of man to restore what has been destroyed. Fortunately for France, Italy, and England, Herr Hitler played his cards badly. If the massacre on the 30th June had not occurred the Nazis in Austria might have succeeded. But that cruel piece of treachery may well have taken the heart out of them: "If we do his dirty work" (they may have said) "we may be put in the cart like the fellows at Munich."

Even so, it came near to success; but when it failed, and Herr Hitler shut the frontier against his friends and turned upon those he had egged on to the attempt, his credit in Austria must have sunk to zero.

The failure of the revolt, unfortunately, does not settle the trouble, for Austria will continue to suffer so bitterly that the temptation will remain to join up with Germany.

There is one advantage of this bad affair: it has given Europe a breathing space, and it has put healthy fear into the hearts of British politicians. They see now what value they can set on the League of Nations and the Disarmament Conference. They begin to think about the defences of London.

Valedictory: By HAMADRYAD

The flag is down the flame is quenched;
 These hallowed precincts, old in story,
 For four long months will not be drenched
 With uninspiring oratory.
 For Parliament is up; the House
 Where hostile statesmen bared their tushes,
 Is silent save for squeak of mouse,
 And chars at work with pails and brushes.
 The scene of many a wordy fight,
 When Dizzy schemed and Gladstone thundered,
 Where Palmerston was always right,
 And Randolph nearly always blundered,
 Where, at a much more recent date,
 Wales's incomparable wizard
 Wiped Henry Herbert off the slate,
 And slit the Liberal Party's gizzard.
 It echoes still the windy strife;
 Less witty tongues and brains less seasoned
 Still draw the dialectic knife
 Across the adversary's weazand.
 The combatants still paw the air,
 And contradict each other flatly;
 Burgins still leave the benches bare,
 Tea bars are filled by Jones and Attlee.
 But be the standard high or low,
 However hot the battle's rage, it
 Still makes one wonder if the show
 Is worth the hire of those who wage it,
 If, as a means to rule the land
 And make it flow with milk and honey,
 A Parliament could not be planned,
 That gave more value for the money.
 But who shall purge this talking shop,
 This club of bores, this cave Aeolian?
 No bauble-spurning knoll can stop
 Its gab, no whiff-of-grape Napoleon.
 And if next Autumn, say, the swords
 Of recreative zeal are whetted,
 It's not the Commons but the Lords
 Whose change of face will be gazetted.
 Meanwhile the giddy game proceeds;
 Parties fissiparate and perish,
 And Tory squires embrace the creeds
 That Radicals were wont to cherish.
 The individualist Liberal
 Warbles collective Labour's ditty,
 And those who preached *Das Kapital*
 Become the champions of the City.
 Were it, then, wise, for all the waste
 Of breath, the party noise and clatter,
 For all the money spent in haste
 And all the evenings spent in chatter,
 To throw away the old machine
 Which, though it grinds exceedingly slowly,
 Still keeps the party fairly clean,
 And curbs, while giving rein to, folly?
 Best not to swap the ills we know
 For constitutional fads and fancies,
 That keep the country's credit low
 And spoil its economic chances.
 For politicians are a curse,
 Whatever be their creed or colour,
 And Parliament could well be worse,
 Though nought on earth could make it duller!

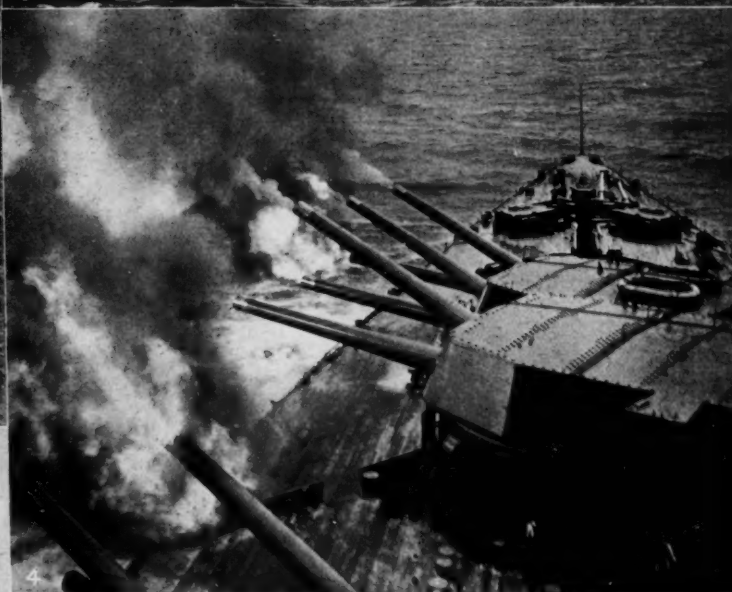
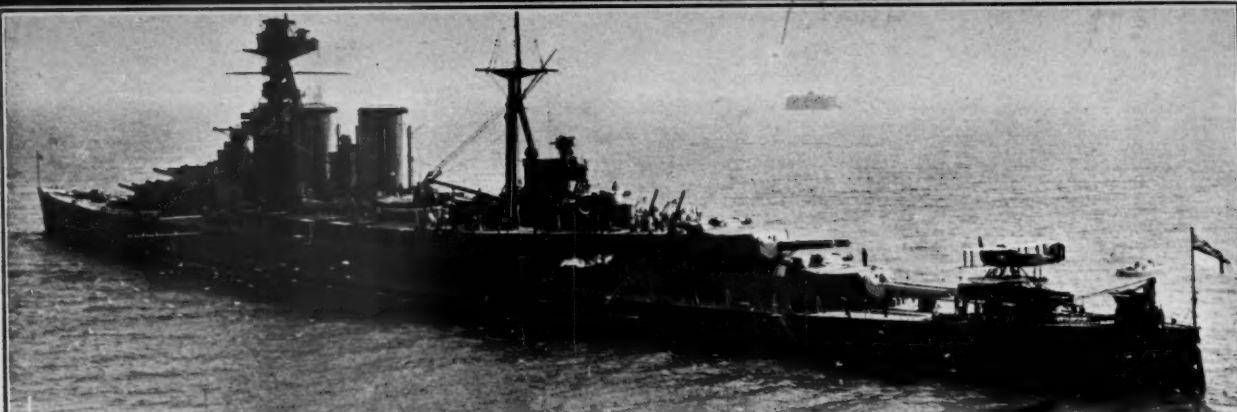
Aug. 4, 1934

Supplement to the SATURDAY REVIEW

A GREAT BRITISH ADMIRAL



Earl Jellicoe, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., whose work in the Great War was frustrated by the folly of the Admiralty in not providing the long reach guns offered and invented by Sir Percy Scott—as the Battle of Jutland proved, but who kept the Seas open despite the longer range of the German guns. He is greatly loved by the Navy.



1. The finest battle-cruiser in the world. H.M.S. Hood at anchor. 2. An aerial picture of H.M.S. Nelson, steaming with the Fleet. 3. Ships of the Queen Elizabeth class at sea. 4. A salvo from the 16" guns of H.M.S. Rodney. 5. "T" class submarines in harbour, moored alongside their depot ship H.M.S. Lucia.

Army Promotion Scandal

By Major H. Reade

ONE of the first problems set the Army Council when this Government came into power was to remedy at once the glaring scandals affecting the promotion of officers in the Army, particularly those of the junior ranks. It was a problem that the authorities were well aware existed, and existed in so glaring a form as to constitute a national scandal, and which was at the same time tending to sap the efficiency and kill the spirit of service among many officers in many units.

It was a problem which the War Office was well aware needed urgent and immediate attention. Mr. Duff Cooper (until recently the Army's spokesman in the House) had a number of questions addressed to him on the subject and always evaded a direct answer by a plea that the matter would be attended to or was under consideration.

Thus up to now the politician has been able to cover the pathetic conditions under which many officers were serving without the slightest hope of any future reward for their life services to the country. And now, after a lapse of three years the recommendations of a committee under the chairmanship of Lord Stanhope, when Under Secretary of State, has produced certain measures to remedy the situation which, to say the least, are utterly inadequate.

The mountain has been in labour and has produced a mouse.

Absurd Anomalies

The extraordinary feature is that the only block in promotion that has been tackled is that affecting infantry officers; impediments affecting the careers of officers of other arms of the service, Artillery, Engineers, etc., are passed over with the cynical expression that their position is being examined into and it is not possible to say that any special steps will be necessary in their cases. And this after three years delay!

In the British Army, unlike any modern Army, promotion in each arm of the Service is independent of the others. In the Royal Artillery there are 2,064 officers while in an Infantry Regiment of two battalions there is an average of only 70. In the Royal Engineers there is a very large number of officers; in a Cavalry Regiment there are generally less than 30 officers. It is absolutely impossible, therefore, to give these various arms a square deal in promotion. Those in the Engineers and Artillery are bound naturally to suffer most, but they are the very arms not yet provided for by the recent announcement in the House.

As examples of the grave state of affairs in the Army which the National Government has allowed to continue, there are officers serving now who are in the same rank they held in the War.

A few weeks ago two Lieutenants were promoted Captain, one has 17 years and 2 months service, the other 16 years and 6 months!

A number of Subalterns have over 15 years service, which means that, when nearing 40 years of age they are doing the duties of young men. Well over a hundred officers of the rank of Captain in the Royal Artillery (there are 725 Captains in the Royal Regiment), are supernumerary to Establishment, which means that any chance of promotion to them is hopeless, and those who have some slender chance will have still less as gradually the strength of the Artillery (and also the Infantry) will be weakened when the Indianisation of the Indian Army progresses and fewer and fewer British officers are required in India.

There is no secret in saying that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald in his pious desires for furthering the Indianising of the Indian Army has fervently hoped that when fewer British Officers were required there, it would be possible further to disarm the British Forces by reducing the Establishment of the British Army at home. That is his ultimate ambition. The scope of this reduction can be better appreciated when it is realised that the British Army in India is nearly half of the entire Army.

Down to Zero

Indeed, when the Indianisation scheme is completed in about 30 years and hardly any British Officers except Generals and Colonels will be required in India, our far-seeing National Government hope to reduce the Army at Home to the dimensions of a Church Boys Brigade.

Throughout the career of the present Government promotion injustices have continued apace. Cavalry Officers become Captains after about seven years service, one indeed this year was promoted Captain after four years and ten months service, Infantry Subalterns wait an average of quite fourteen years, Gunners and Sappers from thirteen to nineteen years.

Putting the issue in another way, officers who served in the War are now junior in some cases to those who were only schoolboys in the war days.

The whole promotion system is a mass of contradictions. Only the Generals who have held one post after another, and indeed have had special consideration shown them to jump from one good job into another before the official tenure of their first job has expired can congratulate the National Government's War Office Administration. For example there is the former C-in-C Northern Command, now at Aldershot, who left York for Aldershot well before his first job was completed. He is brother-in-law of Lord Derby.

No effort has been made by the recent Committee even to co-ordinate the various arms of the Service. In the Army, as in the Government, it is the same little circle of "Nationalists" who run the show for the benefit of their lucky selves.

New Terror from the Skies

By Oliver Stewart

TWO tactical features of last week's Air Exercises in the London area deserve special attention. They are diving bombing and formation night flying.

Diving bombing was invented, as were nearly all tactical devices of importance, during the war. It was tried with single-seater fighters and with two-seaters. So far as I know it was not used a great deal in the war and it was neglected after the war until it became necessary to evolve specialised methods of attacking warships. It was then revived and developed. It proved extraordinarily successful and so its application to ground targets was proposed. During this year's Air Exercises it was used for the first time for this purpose in a full scale exercise.

With the exception of one or two papers, the daily press failed to appreciate the significance of the introduction and scarcely mentioned it; but in fact it was the outstanding point of the operations. It tested on full scale a method of bombing attack which, at a single stroke, vastly increases the deadliness of air attack against ground targets, especially ground targets in cities. If air bombing was a menace to London before, it is a ten times greater menace since the introduction of this remarkable bomb-launching method.

To understand the significance of the novelty it must be noted briefly that bombing is usually done with the aeroplanes flying level or nearly level, the sight being taken through an apparatus which makes the necessary allowances for the path of the falling bomb. "Level bombing," as this form is called, can be and has been done at low altitudes. But it is mainly done at high altitudes. In diving bombing, on the other hand, the aeroplanes, usually in line astern, dive steeply straight towards their target, coming down like arrows from 15,000 or 20,000 ft. until they are within a few feet from the ground.

The Death Dive

They fall, in this manner, on to their target at a terrific speed and at the last moment, when they are close to the target, they release their bombs. From the defensive point of view no form of aerial attack is more difficult to counter. Aeroplanes diving steeply at ever increasing speed are exceedingly awkward targets for anti-aircraft fire and even difficult to see at all. If they come, as they often would do, from the eye of the sun, it is conceivable that they would not even be spotted until they were at the bottom of their dive and the shriek of falling bombs was mingling with the crash of the engines as the pilots bang open the throttles and put their machines into a steep climb for height and safety.

From the offensive point of view—that of the men in the machines—there is something more inspiring in making a diving bombing attack than in making a level bombing attack. The impersonal, complicated and laborious mathematical process of

launching a bomb at a great height so that its flight path shall bring it to a target a great distance away, is replaced by a swift swoop right on to the target itself and the quick release of the bombs when the target is in full view, a few feet in front, with the machine plunging earthwards at 250 m.p.h. or more.

The attackers are aided and the defenders hampered by diving bombing. A target in central London could be destroyed with certainty by a squadron of diving bombers manned by resolute pilots. In the Exercises diving bombing was not indulged in on targets in London. It was confined, again for reason of safety, to targets, such as aerodromes, on the outskirts. But in war it would be the important target in London that would be selected before all others for diving bombing attack.

Night Raiders

The second notable tactical feature of the Exercises was the employment of formations of night bombers. Hitherto it has been usual to send out night bombing aeroplanes singly at set intervals because the difficulties of flying in formation at night have been regarded as unwarrantably great. Formations have been employed at night; but it has not been the usual thing. In the war both the Germans and ourselves used mainly single machines. But practice in formation night flying has been going on for a long time in the Royal Air Force and this year the results of that work were seen in the Air Exercises. The significance of this novelty is that each separate night bombing raid will in the future be able to hit harder than in the past.

The great lesson taught by this year's Air Exercises, then, is that the powers of air offensive against ground targets are being increased without a correspondingly great increase in the powers of air defensive.

What the reply of the air defensive will be to diving bombing I cannot predict. It may come from high-speed multiple machine guns of which various kinds have been developed in various parts of the world. These would be used by the ground defences and might take a heavy toll of diving bombing machines as they "zoom" away after their attack. But it is doubtful if they could prevent the attack taking place or even seriously diminish its effects. Probably a better defence would come from really highly developed interceptor fighters. The diving bombing aeroplanes in the Royal Air Force have a performance not greatly inferior to that of the Air Force interceptor fighters. Improved interceptor fighter performances might increase the chances of the prevention that is better than cure. But, whatever the reply of the defensive will be, it is essential that the public should appreciate that this new kind of aerial attack has now been perfected and would be used against important targets in any future war.

Ranji Reports

By Our Saturday Reviewer

DID I dream it all? It might have been a corner of the Elysian fields or some happy valley under Himalayan snows—blue mountains were there, and fields of asphodel, and shades.

Three or four of them I seemed to know: that one yonder, with eyes humorous yet keen, was Warren Hastings, and the heavy-visaged fellow with the little wound in the neck must have been Clive, and that tall, black-bearded warrior with the blood-stained breast, it was Nicholson. They were happily conversing. "We have given her peace," I heard one say, "and prosperity," said another. "Her frontiers are secure," said one. "Her swarming millions are under the law," said Hastings. "And under the flag," said Clive.

A Shadow Falls

Then it seemed as if a shadow fell upon that happy landscape, and another entered who bore himself proudly and yet seemed to be in great dejection. His face was brown; he walked like a cricketer coming from the wicket, trailing a bat. How all things come strangely together in a dream!

Then they asked him eagerly who he was, and whence he came, and why, and in what state he left that country which they all loved.

He sat down amongst them, and for a space was silent. "I came here because I no longer desired to live there," he said at last.

Clive's finger went up to the little wound in his neck.

"No, not that way," said the Newcomer. "We Indians can die when we will. I turned my face to the wall and died."

They pressed about him, these ghosts, with a questioning gaze. "Was there war?" asked one. "Was there famine?" asked another. "Were we driven out who gave you peace?" said a third.

Folly is the Foe

"No," said the Prince, "there was nothing to fear—but folly."

They were silent awhile. "Ah," said Hastings, "I know that enemy. I have met him in the Courts of Parliament."

"They are no longer content to keep folly at home," said the Prince, smiling sadly. "Now they export politics instead of goods."

They gathered round him. "Listen, shades of Englishmen," he said. "There is no longer room for such as you down there. I loved you well and knew you well both at play and in war. In my youth I played your game."

"We have heard the shouts even here," they said, "from Lord's and the Oval. Ranji, the cricketer!"

"Yes, we were comrades of those fields, and later of others, I and my Rajputs, ready

to die with you on the fields of Flanders."

"We won that war," they said.

"YOUR SOLDIERS WON IT," REPLIED THE PRINCE, "BUT YOUR POLITICIANS HAVE DISCOVERED HOW TO SNATCH DEFEAT FROM THE JAWS OF VICTORY."

They frowned, those shades of the great dead.

"They taught our clerks, our *Babu-log*, the cowardly talkative ones, the low-bred, the ill-conditioned ones, to make a clamour like themselves. Then they sent out a Jew to propitiate those people with foolish promises. They were made afraid by the threats of a madman, a *bunnia* turned *fakir*, so that your Viceroy made peace with him as if he were a conqueror, while your enemies laughed."

There was a murmur among the shades.

"There was no end to their folly," the Prince continued. "When assassins arose and murdered your people, it was said, 'We will propitiate these murderers with power. We will transfer to them our police and our magistracy and our Government. The Army alone we will keep for some years, but when we have made the Army as they want it, we will hand it over also, so that our enemies may become our friends.'"

"No," said the shades, "this cannot be true!"

An Unheeded Warning

"I am a son of Krishna," said the other proudly, "and I do not lie. Neither do I flatter. Before I died I sat on the throne of my fathers. I was the Maharaja Jam Sahib of Nawanagar. I ruled as they had ruled these many thousand years. I was besides the Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes in your capital at Delhi."

"Where I died," said Nicholson, "on the walls."

"Where you died," said the Prince. "There I warned them of their approaching fate. It would, I said, have been easy to say smooth things, but I proposed to tell them the truth. I warned them that the Crown could not both rule and surrender."

"Did they listen?" asked the shades.

"Listen! The Viceroy, whom I had thought my friend, ordered me to be silent, me a Rajput, descended from Krishna, Chancellor of the Chamber, he told me to be silent in the face of my fellow-princes. There were some there who were traitors, and I saw them laugh at his folly and my shame. There were others who were my friends, and they bowed their heads and were silent, thinking of my *izzat*."

"And then?" they asked.

"Your Holy Book says that if a fool be brayed in a mortar, his folly will remain in him! When madness will not take warning, what more can be done? I was silent, I went out, I bade farewell to my friends, I went home, I called for the water of the Ganges, I bathed, I lay down in my bed and I died."

"Indianisation" Madness

By Hamish Blair

(The Man On the Spot)

EVIDENCE accumulates upon evidence as to the madness of the Indianisation policy which is being relentlessly pursued by the present Government. Within a very few years, it has been laid down, 50 per cent. of the Civil Service is to be manned by Indians unconditionally; and the process is to go on until the entire bureaucracy is to change its complexion from white to brown. A change, by the way, which has been wholeheartedly deprecated by thoroughgoing Congress wallas as well as by the humble millions who will be chiefly affected by it. I think it was the late C. R. Das, the Bengal political leader, who specifically denounced the idea of a "brown bureaucracy" on the ground that it would be even more intolerable than the white.

What a "brown bureaucracy" *pur sang* would mean by way of corruption and extortion may be guessed at from a recent report of the Sind Administrative Committee, which finds that "in almost all departments there are unauthorised levies made in respect of transactions in which subordinates have direct dealings with the public."

These subordinates are practically all Indians, and in their defence it is pointed out that the roots of the evil "lie deep in the pre-British administration of Sind." It is also pointed out that "the higher officers of all departments, Indian and European, are entirely free from it." Would it be invidious to suggest that one reason for this is the high standard set by the superior European officials, with whom their Indian colleagues find themselves in generous rivalry?

Results of a System

A method recently adopted to further the process of Indianisation is the establishment of simultaneous examinations for the Indian Civil Service in England and in India. By this means it is hoped to recruit a class of Indians who cannot afford to travel to London to compete; and of course, from the viewpoint of our sapient rulers, the more of this class who can be recruited, the more speedily will the process of Indianisation be consummated.

How this system is working out is illustrated by a Note issued this week by the Public Services Commission, which examines the candidates who sit in India. This states that "a very large percentage of candidates at the last examination were, for various reasons, unsuitable for the (Indian Civil) Service." One hundred and ninety three candidates appeared before the Viva Voce Board. "Of these 61 failed to get more than 15 per cent., and in the case of thirteen the Board felt that they would not be justified in awarding any mark at all. The opinion of the Board is borne out by the results of the examination taken as a whole. One hundred and seven candidates failed to obtain the aggregate pass mark of 750 marks and it is thus evident that a large proportion of the candidates

should not have been entered for the examination at all!"

This is the class which, in their feverish haste to obliterate all British influence, the Indian authorities are encouraging to enter the once splendid ranks of the I.C.S. Mark my words! There will be a fearful outcry from the rejected candidates, their friends in the legislatures and their sponsors in the press. It will be urged that the examination test is far too severe for the poor lads, and an agitation will be set on foot to lower the test. And I shall be agreeably surprised if the Government of India (with the concurrence of the Baldwin-MacDonald-Hoare brain trust of course) does not follow the example of the University of Calcutta, and lower the standard accordingly.

India's Bright Boys

A very similar state of things is revealed by a recent enquiry into the success of the attempt to Indianise the Army. Some Indian member of the Assembly was ill-advised enough to urge that steps be taken to increase the number of admissions to the Indian Sandhurst at Dehra Dun "both by direct examination and by selection from the ranks."

This proposal elicited the fact that the Government had received "disquieting" reports from the Brigadier in command of the Military College. It appears that the Cadets at the bottom of the school have found it difficult to keep pace with the men at the top. Some of them have dropped out altogether, and others have been put back. The Army Secretary, whose painful duty it was to make this announcement, added that the present entrance examination to the Military Academy was too low, "and the standard might have to be raised."

Not on your life, Mr. Army Secretary! There would be a terrific hullabaloo in every newspaper and on every platform, and the move would be interpreted as an insidious attempt to close the military career to India's aspiring youth.

As a matter of fact the youth of India are so averse from the military career that of the eleven contingents of the University Training Corps (corresponding roughly—very roughly—to the O.T.C. in Britain) only one or two have succeeded in reaching their full strength. The Commander-in-Chief (Sir Philip Chetwode) recently handed the above information to the mover of a resolution in the Council of State "urging that adequate support and ample opportunity should be provided by the Government for the expansion of University Training Corps all over India." In face of the fact that the existing corps can't be brought up to strength (especially in Bengal and Madras!) it was obviously absurd to talk of expanding them.

Such is the status of "Indianisation" with regard to the two most vital services.

India, 15 July, 1934.

Train Our Sailors in Sail

By Admiral Mark Kerr, C.B., M.V.O.

THE question is often asked: "How, in these days of machinery, should we train our officers and men of the sea services, both Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine, in order to prevent them from becoming too mechanical, and to raise in them the self-reliance which was a typical quality of the men of the old sailing days?"

The late General Sir Gordon Maxwell told me that he was very much impressed, when he was at Khartoum after the Sudan War, with the self-reliance of the young naval officers in command of the gunboats, as compared with the army officers in command of regiments and other units. When an expedition up the unknown White or Blue Niles was proposed, it meant steaming through uncharted rivers, and without knowledge of any forests from which to obtain wood for the ships' furnaces in case of need. The naval officers received their orders without comment, while the army men asked for advice how to carry them out, although there was nothing difficult or new expected from them.

Responsibility

General Maxwell asked me if I could explain why the much younger man in the Navy was so much more independent than his brother in the Army? I replied that the Naval officer has a great advantage, on account of the early age when he is put in a position of responsibility. To begin with, when he first went to sea at the age of 15 he was sent aloft in charge of men making, furling, or reefing sail; and he was also put in charge of a boat, and was responsible for the lives and safety of the crew and any damage that might be done to the boat. During this time it may happen that the weather gets very bad; he has then to decide whether to take the risk of sailing back to the ship, or remaining on shore, which would cost money. When he returns on board he has to stand his trial. Later on, as a sub-lieutenant, he may have command of a torpedo-boat, or he may become the First-Lieutenant of a destroyer, or officer of the Watch on board a light cruiser.

During all his youth he is in positions of trust, where he is responsible for the lives of the crew and the safety of his vessel. The difference between this education and that of the young soldier, who has no responsibility at all with regard to the lives of his men, or any damage to property, is very great. If the young soldier gives a wrong order to his company or platoon, the resulting muddle cannot cause loss of life or material, and in consequence the education in responsibility and self-reliance is as nothing to that which is acquired by the experiences of the young naval officer.

The Navy has still this advantage in training over the Army, and the new Air Force also has it, for the junior officer, like his brother in the

Senior Service, starts off—whether he be a pilot or a ground man—with a feeling of responsibility, as he knows that any mistake he makes may cause the loss of life as well as material damage.

There is no doubt that the coming of wireless telegraphy, the steam engine, and the scientific methods of gunnery and torpedo warfare have made the education of officers in the Navy such a complicated affair that they are liable to become human machines dependent on guidance from elsewhere. Other countries besides ours have realised this, and in some foreign navies the training of young officers in sail has been re-instituted, in order to make them more independent and have increased reliance on themselves.

In the sailing days of sixty years ago the age of entry into the Navy was from 12½ to 13½ years old. The teaching of practical seamanship occupied about half the time of instruction, and half the bonus of months, given to accelerate promotion, was also obtained in the practical subjects. On going to sea from the training ship the young officers kept Watch under the officer of the Watch, and when work aloft was required—such as making, shortening, or reefing sails—they went aloft in charge of the men, and frequently, when it was blowing hard, they were unable to receive any orders from the Senior Officer on deck. When in harbour the Midshipmen had charge of boats under oars and sail, and always went in their boat if she was ordered away on duty. This naturally interfered with their school work, but the experience gained was well worth what they lost in their studies under the Naval Instructor, and the knowledge acquired of the seaman and his mentality taught them, as nothing else could, the manner in which an officer could become the best kind of leader, one who "rules by love and not by fear."

The Wrong Type

The greatest asset to a country's fighting forces are officers who have learned self-reliance, and who hold the trust and confidence of their subordinates. A commanding officer who, detached from his fleet, is always asking questions of his Senior Officer by wireless is not the type of man who won for Great Britain the mastery of the sea; and yet, if we continue to educate our young men by a wholly mechanical training, we are bound to produce officers of the unself-reliant type.

The problem is a difficult one, but should be taken in hand at once while there are still some instructors who know the old training; and it appears to me that instruction somewhat on the following lines would combine the good of the old system with the requirements of the new:

Entry of Cadets to take place between the ages of 12½ and 13½ years. The first 18 months of the Naval College instruction should be equally divided between seamanship and the teaching of mathematics, navigation, and one foreign language selected out of three. The next 18

months should be spent at sea in a sailing ship with the youngsters in charge of boats when in harbour, as in the old days, but for a shorter fixed period, in order to let each one have a turn. School work to be confined to an average of 2½ hours a day. On completion of this time they should be drafted to modern 'sea-going' ships, where their education and work would continue on modern lines.

When the Midshipmen have completed 3½ years' service in the modern ship and become Sub-Lieutenants, they will then go through a course at the Royal Naval College, and afterwards specialise in the branch of the Service for which they are most fitted.

The same system of sail-training should be applied to the training establishments of the Mercantile Marine, for as we learned in the Great War, the work of the Merchant Service is of incalculable value to our Empire.

There will be many people who will disagree, wholly or in part, with these suggestions on the grounds that it would be a waste of time to give instruction in obsolete sailing-ships. The reply is, that the instruction is given for a different purpose altogether, viz: it is to teach self-reliance to the young officers, and get them into closer touch with the seamen; and that the instruction in sail and boatwork should be looked on as a means of enlarging the mind in the right way, even as physical drill and games are used to develop the muscles and sinews of the body.

To use the *reductio ad absurdum* argument, take

a man in a motor-car factory working eight hours a day and performing the same and only duty every few seconds. As the "car in the making" passes over or by him on the moving way, he picks up one of several thousand similar nuts and screws it on to its own place on the car. Second after second, minute after minute, hour after hour, and year after year he repeats that one and only act. Can one imagine anything more destructive of imagination?

In a lesser way, and proportionate to the amount of variation, the mind gets into a groove when doing technical work, which restricts the growth of the imaginative part of the brain, which part is necessary to the development of a good Naval officer.

The constant modern training in technology must cramp the imagination, which latter is so necessary for the development of the Naval mind in war. Our Empire was won and held by men who, by tradition, work, and environment, were superior to those of the other nations of the world; but technology is gradually forming sailors of all countries into a common mould.

It would be wise, then, to follow the lead of those nations who have started the sail education in order to combat (a) the growing tendency to stultify the imaginative part of the brain, and (b) the comparative segregation of the young officer from his men. To many of us, the older officers, it seems of the greatest importance that we should adopt some scheme on the lines of the one given above, with such modifications as may have to be

THE NAVY LEAGUE

(Founded 1893)

is an independent organisation and belongs to no party

THE NAVY LEAGUE

aims to secure the complete Naval
Protection of British subjects and
British commerce the world over

THE NAVY LEAGUE

calls for the moral and financial support
of all the patriotic citizens

Full details will be sent upon application to:

THE GENERAL SECRETARY ("The Saturday Review")

THE NAVY LEAGUE

GRAND BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR
SQUARE, W.C.2

made in order to make it easily workable. It might, for example, be found better to have three early cruises of six months each in sailing ships, interspersed with spells of six months instruction at the Royal Naval College.

We have the right kind of clay to work on; let us see that it is moulded into the type of officer

who will keep himself ahead of his foreign competitors even as his forbears did, and so, in spite of reduction in armaments, he will keep our sea communications free from interference, and still preserve—as our Navy has in the past—the freedom of the seas for all nations against disturbers of the Peace of the World.

More Cruisers Wanted

Facts About the Navy Figures

By Lieut.-Commander P. K. Kemp, R.N.

A CURSORY glance at the warship figures of the five big naval countries reveals only a slight inferiority in the numbers for the British Empire. The table of figures is given below:

		British Empire	United States	Japan	France	Italy
<i>Built</i>						
Battleships	...	12	15	9	9	4
Cruisers	...	50	21	31	15	24
Aircraft Carriers	...	8	3	5	2	1
Flotilla Leaders	...	18	—	—	25	20
Destroyers	...	134	251	101	48	74
Submarines	...	52	82	59	94	43
Sloops	...	30	—	—	12	26
<i>Building</i>						
Battleships	...	—	—	—	1	—
Cruisers	...	10	11	2	6	6
Aircraft Carriers	...	—	3	—	—	—
Destroyers	...	24	32	4	1	4
Submarines	...	9	6	6	15	22

Taking into consideration the fact that the three British battle-cruisers *Hood*, *Renown* and *Repulse* are not included in this list, it will be seen that our main battle-fleet is comparable in power with that of any other country. Where the big discrepancy occurs is in the number of lighter craft which we need to enable the Navy to carry out its many duties with efficiency and safety. The late war re-established the strategical functions of sea-power, and proved that one of the most formidable weapons is still the attack on trade.

Justice Wanted

When comparing the Navy of this country with those of other powers, it is not enough to judge by figures alone. Parity cannot be judged by numbers, but is dependent on a just recognition of oversea trade commitments and the necessity of keeping open the vital trade routes, not only of this country but of her Dominions and Colonies as well. That, of course, is a vast undertaking and the ships needed for it can only be judged by the possible, or probable, strength used in opposition.

The only entry to this country is by sea. England is not, nor can she ever be, self-supporting in the matter either of food or of raw materials. These must come by sea, and without them, we must be brought to our knees. In consequence, one of the essentials of survival during war-time is the keeping open of the 86,000 miles of trade routes on which this country depends.

The three classes of ship which can be used most efficiently for this service are cruisers, destroyers,

and submarines. A glance at the above table will now show where the real weakness lies in this country's Navy. It is in the smaller ships that the danger is apparent, in those ships which are most useful in protecting trade routes, enforcing the contraband war, maintaining the free passage of ships in foreign waters, and the like.

When the extent of our Empire is realised in comparison with those of other countries, and also the enormous mileage of essential trade routes, it can easily be appreciated that the low level to which we have reduced this branch of the Navy constitutes a very grave danger should this country ever again be embroiled in war.

Down to the Minimum

In the House of Lords, Earl Beatty stated that the minimum number of cruisers necessary to safeguard our trade routes was seventy. He was speaking with the experience gained in the late war, when our trade had been attacked and crippled to a very dangerous extent. Was his opinion acted on? The bogey of disarmament has haunted the Socialist and semi-Socialist Governments which have been responsible to the country since that date. They have been afraid of foreign opinions. They have cut down our minimum necessities to a margin far below that advocated by the man whose opinion, derived as it is from actual experience, should have been most valuable. And, moreover, of the fifty cruisers now in commission, ten will be unseaworthy in two years time, *even after allowing for normal replacements*. Is that likely to be a guarantee for peace? Is it not rather an incentive to other countries to take advantage of our weakness and humble the country which once ruled the seven seas.

The cruiser question is grave in the extreme. The present Washington Treaty expires on December 31st, 1936, and we shall have the chance then of laying down our demands, which must be based on the *known* minimum required for safety. We need a battle fleet which is comparable to that of any other naval power and we want a preponderance of cruisers, destroyers, and submarines to ensure the safety of our sea-borne trade. When our geographical situation is considered, it is not an outrageous demand, especially since every country in the world realises that a strong English Navy is the finest of all guarantees for peace.

Why Britain Must Rule The Waves

By Admiral of the Fleet, Right Hon. The Earl Jellicoe, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.

(Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet during the Great War)

BBRITISH history has been one long battle for freedom and a struggle to keep it. While the work carried out by the Barons and King John in 1215 at Runnymede was what we might call the foundation of the present British Constitution, it is interesting to a sailor to note that the historical meeting took place near water, because it is by water that the Empire was founded, by water it has been maintained, and by water it continues to exist.

We owe the preservation of our freedom to our supremacy upon the water. The ocean path is the means of our continued existence. Henry VIII is rightly remembered as being the founder of our modern Navy.

To-day we enjoy the benefits of the freedom our fathers so hardly won, but do we value it as we should? One might draw a comparison between the freedom conferred on the Barons by the historic signature of Magna Carta and the corresponding freedom of the seas guaranteed by the Royal Navy to the British Mercantile Marine, which carries to us all the essentials of life. To the one we owe that political liberty which has in the past been the envy of other nations, to the other we owe the greatest and most free Empire the world has ever known.

Our Heritage

Those things we should cherish; they are our heritage. What we received from our fathers we ought to pass on unimpaired to our sons. Freedom is not a possession but rather a trust, and we are the trustees for generations still to be. How are we fulfilling that trust?

Of recent years the action taken in reducing the strength of our own Navy as compared with all the other navies of the world, has given me the gravest apprehension. It has of course been taken as an example to other nations, but that example has not been followed by any single power. I cannot but feel this apprehension because of the anxieties through which we went during the Great War. Particularly during the period when Germany was carrying out unrestricted submarine warfare against merchant ships. Nobody who had any responsibility for safeguarding our ships bringing food and other necessities at that time could ever forget the fact that we were, even with the naval strength which we then possessed, hampered by a shortage of the type of vessels peculiarly needed for the purpose, cruisers and destroyers. When one compares the numbers of ships of those two classes which we had available, say, in 1917, well over 100 cruisers and some 350 destroyers, with what we have at this

moment, less than 50 efficient cruisers, and only 134 destroyers, it is obvious that we are running very considerable risks.

It is, of course, true that the nation against whom we were then fighting is now practically disarmed as regards naval strength, but it is also true that in the spring of 1914 some of our statesmen publicly said that international conditions were better than they had been for years, and yet the Great War was upon us within a few months of those speeches.

To me, it seems essential that an Empire which is built up and is now absolutely and entirely dependent upon the sea not merely for its prosperity, but for its food, and consequently for its very life, should possess adequate strength to maintain that security.

A Lesson to Learn

Great Britain nearly sacrificed her most powerful weapon of defence in the Declaration of London. Providentially that document was unratified when the Great War broke out.

Nevertheless, as one can see from the German books on the War, and from the official histories, our opponents based their expectations on the assumption that we should observe the Declaration of London, and complained that we did not do so, in spite of the fact that the Declaration had never been ratified. Had we been obliged to fight with a hand tied by it, the position would have been serious in the extreme. We should have been gravely hampered in our struggle. That is a lesson we ought to have learned.

After the War the late President Wilson, in one of his fourteen points relating to the freedom of the seas, endeavoured once more to tie our hands. I can see the point of view of those other nations. They feel that in a War which does not concern them their trade should be free of interference, but the vital fact is that what is only an annoyance to them is a matter of life and death to us. On this question, therefore, we cannot afford to compromise. That is the whole lesson of our history.

We owe our continued freedom to our vigilance and preparedness, and we shall only retain it by that method. What is more, we have to take account of new factors in naval warfare.

Although I am entirely in disagreement with the people who imagine that the air force can replace the Navy, I am in full accord with those who consider that our present air strength is quite inadequate. Every day the sky becomes more of a power. In that new sphere Great Britain must take her rightful place as she has done on the sea.

Save the Herring Industry!

By Capt. J. R. Kennedy

TO an industry dying out from natural causes, artificial restoratives can be only of temporary aid. But when an industry naturally strong and even capable of becoming stronger is wilting from causes beyond its control which can be combatted only with Government help, then artificial aid becomes a public duty, not only from the point of view of maintaining home trade, but from that of preventing the slow decay of unemployment. If, in addition, the product of that industry, its men and its equipment are intimately connected with the public safety, then the right of help is firmly established. Such, in brief, is the case of the herring industry to-day.

It was somewhat astonishing, when this is borne in mind, to see how lightly Mr. Hacking, the new Financial Secretary to the War Office, dismissed the possibility of adding herrings to the Army ration by merely stating as his opinion that the men would not sacrifice their meat for fish. He did not, and in fact he could not, state that his opinion was based on any experiment actually carried out, though this is not the first time that the suggestion has been made. Nor is there any *prima facie* reason for his opinion being accepted as final, for there is no known prejudice either among the classes from which soldiers are recruited, or among soldiers themselves, against fish.

Monotony of Meat

The ration to-day consists of meat and bread supplied in kind, and a money allowance, which is used at the discretion of the unit commander (but must be spent in the Navy, Army and Air Force Institute) to purchase bacon, eggs, fresh vegetables and such other things as may be considered advisable. This, however, is a purely arbitrary arrangement and there would seem to be no reason why herring in some form should not be supplied. The meat of the ration, which is the frozen, not the fresh product, and is always beef or mutton, palls by the very monotony of its recurrence. As it can only reach us over the long sea routes now vulnerable to air as well as to naval action, it is liable to fail us in war. This country was within three weeks of starvation during the submarine blockade of the last war.

If each man were to consume 2 lbs. per week of herrings he could add 50 per cent. to the present home consumption of this fish. And if the wives and children followed suit, home consumption could be doubled. This, however, would only raise consumption to the million hundred-weight mark, whereas to restore the industry the ten million mark must be reached.

This situation as well as the desperate plight of the industry can best be seen from the following figures, which I owe to the courtesy of the Board of Trade:—

		Total Catch cwt.	Exported Cured cwt.	Exported Fresh cwt.
1911-13 (average)	...	10,791,000	8,841,000	1,022,000
1933	...	3,387,000	2,598,000	619,000

Both the total catch and the cured exports have thus descended by about 70 per cent. This is explained not by any rarity of herring, but by an absence of markets.

The industry has, in the past, depended chiefly on its export trade. Germany and Russia were our best customers, the former taking nearly four million and the latter three and a quarter million cwt. before the War. Last year Russia took only 5,293 cwt. Germany is now not only subsidising her own industry, but has placed a tariff on imports. Last year she took less than one third of her pre-war quota. That is still over a million cwt., but when her own fishing develops, it is to be feared that she will no longer do so. It is also possible that Russia may become her customer in a market which is at once nearer home and cheaper owing to subsidies. Poland, also an importer of ours, may follow suit. For this, also, our herring industry is not responsible. It is clear that an industry alone cannot compete with an industry backed by a Government and protected by both subsidy and tariffs. And it is noticeable that we ourselves are to-day importing over half a million cwt. of foreign caught herring, though our own fish are the finest in the world and are produced on the quay at $\frac{1}{4}$ d. each.

Back to Prosperity

To save the industry it is essential that the home market should be developed. If every member of the public were to consume even 1 lb. of herring, which is two good fish, per week, the home consumption would reach twenty-one million cwt. and the industry could be made not only independent of foreign markets, but doubly as prosperous as it was in pre-War days, and employing directly and indirectly nearly half a million men and women.

A national propaganda campaign should be launched to explain both the excellent nutritive qualities of the fish and the need to support the industry.

It may be argued that this is properly the task of private enterprise. The point is that the industry has no reserves available for the purpose and cannot help itself. If it is left alone it will become a charge on the public.

Government measures to help the industry during the present year, which were detailed on the 20th July in the House of Commons, provide that under certain circumstances loans may be given to help in the purchase of drift nets and assistance may be accorded to help in the fitting-out of the herring drifters. Modest as is the scope of this scheme it will help, for the time being, to maintain one part of the industry. But it is only a dole in reality. The only remedy is help in the provision of new markets and of these the home market is the best from every point of view.

RACING**Small Fields in Produce Races****Goodwood Reflections**

By David Learmonth

AFTER Goodwood it is always a good thing to take stock of the situation. The meeting forms a natural finish to the first half of the season, and there is little racing of interest immediately following it. The fashionables are away at Cowes and even the regulars feel they would like a little breathing space.

What must strike the mind about Goodwood is the unsatisfactory nature of the two produce stakes. The Gratwicke Stakes on Tuesday had a hundred and four original subscriptions out of which only three were left in at the acceptance stage, while the Ham Produce Stakes on the same day produced only four acceptors out of ninety original subscriptions.

When one takes into consideration the fact that these races were worth over £2,300 and £2,800 respectively and that only three runners went to the post for the Ham Stakes, while the Gratwicke Stakes was reduced to a farcical match in which the winner scored by no less than forty lengths at odds of a hundred to thirty on it seems obvious that something is radically wrong.

In the case of the Goodwood events the reason for their failure is pretty obvious. It costs a hundred pounds to accept, while only three hundred sovereigns are added by the executive. Owners are not prepared to run for their own money where their liability is so great unless they feel they have a distinct chance of winning, so small fields are bound to result from such conditions.

A Case for Abolition

But the Goodwood events are not the only produce races which have "cut up" badly this season—and the same state of affairs is equally true about other years. It is, in fact, pertinent to suggest that the question of abolishing these events should come up for consideration.

I have no doubt that this suggestion will raise an outcry in some quarters. It will be pointed out that the Classics are in very much the same position, in as much as, although the horses are entered as yearlings it is impossible to gauge their merits at the time. And the old argument will be brought forward that the total of the stakes could not be swelled sufficiently unless such a course were adopted.

I have not space to argue the point here so far as the Classics are concerned, except to observe that the present system often excludes the best horse of its year. But so far as produce races are concerned the proof of the pudding is in the eating. They are not producing spectacles which the public pays to see and they certainly have nothing to recommend them from the purely racing point of view. This seems a powerful argument for their abolition.

The outstanding features of the season have

been the exceptional dryness and the defeat of Colombo in the Derby. The lack of rain has hampered trainers at home more than it has interfered with racing on the courses, most of which have been well watered. Many of the more thoughtful owners, in fact, have sent their horses to the seaside to be trained on the sands, and Dale, the king of sea water treatment specialists, has, I believe, being doing record business.

Nevertheless, we are bound to see some staggering reversals of form if we get a spell of really wet weather, and I anticipate some gloomy faces towards the back end of the season. Shrewd backers usually tread warily in such a situation, but those who are not so experienced I beg that, when the rain comes, they will not be carried away by supposedly good things.

Position of Colombo

The case of Colombo is complicated by his defeat at Ascot. After he had lost the Derby I was convinced that he should have won. He certainly lost more ground by going wide at the turn than he was beaten by and he had anything but a smooth passage. On the other hand, Windsor Lad's trial showed him to be a three-year-old out of the ordinary. He is perfectly bred and, whatever happens in the St. Leger, should do well at the stud for his new owner for, on his dam's side, he will be bringing in a very virile strain of blood which is attracting particular interest at the moment. It is quite likely, however, that Mr. Martin Benson will decide to keep the horse in training another season. He has some attractive engagements and, being singularly undeveloped for one of such excellence, should benefit physically from another year's body building work.

Taking a line through Flamenco, on his running against Windsor Lad in the Newmarket Stakes, the Ascot running makes Colombo definitely inferior to the Derby Winner. But such surprises happen at Ascot and it is possible that Colombo's great effort at Epsom had taken more out of him than was thought. He is a highly strung colt, and it may have been that he should have been given a longer rest. Anyhow, Lord Glanely can console himself that he is not the only unlucky owner in important events this year; for, Windsor Lad must, I think, have won the Eclipse Stakes had he had a clear run. Incidentally, there can seldom have been an Eclipse less valuable than it was this year.

Two horses which have won for themselves a place in the public heart have been retired, Brown Jack to his owner's paddocks, Hyperion to the stud. How he will fare as a stallion, time will show. One cannot complain either of his temperament or his breeding; but I wish he were not quite so small, as breeders reckon to get size from the sire.

Giants of the Fens

By Amy Matthews

*" Arise, and let us wander forth
To yon old mill across the wolds ! "*

TIME was when there would have been no need to wander far in search of windmills, so common a sight were they along the skyline of an English landscape. Even now the level stretches of the fenlands of East Anglia are dotted with them, as are also the gently-rolling slopes of the Wolds, the Kentish hills, and the Sussex downs.

In hilly districts which are watered by swift rushing rivers, mountain torrents, and waterfalls, the mills, naturally, are worked by water-power; but in flat, treeless country, where rivers are sluggish and meandering, wind-force is made use of; and so windmills abound, many of which are still to be seen working. Around Yarmouth, King's Lynn and Boston, the scenery is particularly Dutch in its general appearance, with its long straight waterways and its dykes, its hedgeless stretches of cultivated soil, its bulb-fields, and—its windmills!

From one particular spot near Yarmouth it is possible to see no less than 26 working windmills along the surrounding landscape; while derelict stumps and towers, which have long since fallen into disuse, are common enough in all our fen country.

Preserve Their Beauty

For these picturesque old landmarks have been gradually disappearing from our countryside, and, although a welcome movement is now on foot for their preservation, it is already too late to save some of the delightful old symbols of a past age. Their day of real usefulness, no doubt, is over, for they have long been superseded by improved methods of milling. Even with the advantage of free motive-power, they are quite unable to compete with the steam roller-mills in either the price or quality of their flour; but for all that, as objects of beauty and distinction, as ancient landmarks, and picturesque features of the landscape, and as historic reminders of the past life of old England, they seem to deserve a better fate than to be allowed to drop into unsightly decay.

In these days of their downfall, curiously enough, their greatest enemy has been that very wind, which was so long their servant: for it is generally some extra-heavy gale which gives the knock-out blow to many a gallant old structure, whose aged frame, weakened by time and disuse, finally collapses under the stress of the weather. The strong gales of the years 1925, 1926 and 1929, in particular, brought to final destruction several notable old giants.

The " Peg," " Stump," or " Post " type of windmill is perhaps the most picturesque, as it is the most ancient. Mounted upon a stout wooden

post, which in its turn rests upon a hollow stone, the whole structure can be turned round as upon a pivot, according to the direction of the wind. This turning movement is assisted by a long wooden handle or lever, called the " tail-tree," which projects from the side of the mill.

A later development of these old Post Mills was the " Turret " Post-mill, where the peg or post was enclosed in a turret of brickwork, giving greater firmness to the whole structure, and also having the additional advantage of providing a place where the grain could be stored. These mills were low and squat, and still had to be turned by hand. They were therefore rather small, only two pairs of stones being in use as a rule. Of this type is the fine old mill at Bockling,



" Heckington's," the only eight-sailed windmill left in England.

near Maidstone, and a particularly well-preserved specimen may be seen at Tottenhill, near King's Lynn. These old post mills present a quaintly-charming appearance to the landscape.

In the sixteenth century a Dutchman invented what are known as Tower mills, where, instead of the whole mill being turned bodily, the sails were fixed to a movable head or " Cap " at the top of the mill, so that only the cap and the sails were turned, and not the entire mill. The turning was now done, not by hand, but by automatic gearing.

The tower could therefore be made of brick or stone instead of wood, and was usually tarred. It

was therefore more lasting than the old wooden post mill, larger, and more massive, and could carry four or even six pairs of stones; so that, instead of producing from six to nine bushels per hour (according to the direction of the wind), the Tower or Cap mill was capable of grinding about thirty bushels per hour.

The sails or sweeps are usually four in number, but six are occasionally seen, while Heckington, near Sleaford, in South Lincolnshire, can boast the only remaining eight-sailed windmill in England. It is still in working order, being used for grinding barley as well as grist. It is a fine, big mill, with no less than five pair of stones.

The sails are always built nowadays with shutters or slats, on the principle of a Venetian blind, in order to break the resistance of the wind. At one time they were solid, made of cloth stretched over a wooden framework, and there was considerable risk of damage during high winds, from excessive speed.



Swineshead Mill, near Boston.

A variation of the "Tower" or "Cap" mill is the "Frock" or "Smock" mill, so-called because the brick tower has a loose coat or covering of woodwork encasing it, either completely or only partially. These are more common in the low hills of Surrey and Sussex than in the fenlands, but there are a few in Norfolk, along the river Ouse. The famous old Frock mill on Mousehold Heath, near Norwich, called "Cromes," was unfortunately destroyed by fire a short time ago.

In the process of disintegration, these old windmills first lose their sweeps, then gear and cap disappear, and finally the towers themselves fall to ruin. But frequently the towers are made use of as barns for the storage of grain or hay; or, best fate of all, they are occasionally transformed into dwelling-houses, and are then carefully preserved, although they are apt to lose their value as picturesque objects of the landscape. For no more can they boast:—

"My master the miller stands,
And feeds me with his hands,
For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands!"

Small Craft—III

Running Costs

By P. K. Kemp

IN a previous article I dealt very briefly with the initial cost of buying a yacht. This week I am going to give an idea of the annual expenditure needed to keep the boat in commission during the season. For the purposes of this article, I am basing my estimate on a five-tonner and assuming that the cost is to be kept to a minimum.

The first item is interest on the purchase price. Assuming that the boat has cost £100, this goes down as £5. Next will come the services of a waterman who will be needed to keep an eye on the boat while she is at her moorings and to air the sails occasionally on fine days. At most stations this will work out at about 2s. 6d. per week, or £6 10s. per year. Insurance will amount to about £2 per year, and a similar sum should cover the cost of shipwright's repairs.

Each spring, your yacht will need an annual refit. Personally, I do most of this myself during fine week-ends in February and March, but, even assuming that you employ a waterman, the cost of paint, varnish, anti-fouler, etc., together with the labour, should not come to more than £6. Then, about this time, the question of renovation of gear must also be taken into account. About 20 per cent. of the cost of suit of sails should be allowed, since these will need renewing every five or six years, and that will amount to about £2. Standing and running rigging, halliards, sheets, mooring rope and cable will have to have a certain sum allowed annually, which I do not think should amount to more than £3 or £4.

There is scrubbing, too, during the season, and fresh anti-fouler (£1 10s.), painting of top-sides (£1), bo'sun's stores (£2), and odd items which crop up from time to time (£3) to be added to the above. Depreciation has not been allowed because, up to an age of about 30 years, the selling price of yachts remains more or less stable.

The total expenditure, then, works out at approximately £34 per year or just over 13s. per week. And for that modest sum you can enjoy one of the finest of sports which exist, one which will keep you fit not only in body but also in mind.

The Cream of Cricket Weeks

By William Pollock

(Author of "The Cream of Cricket")

COMING back from Hove, where I had been watching Sussex and Warwickshire play, I had this article in my mind and thought to myself, I will look up one or two books when I get home and see what they have to say about the Canterbury "week."

Would you believe it, I have looked up three standard books on cricket and I am hanged if one of them has a word to say about Canterbury. Extraordinary—for of all the cricket weeks that you will find in "Wisden" the Canterbury week is the great one of the summer. And so—if you will forgive me—I will fall back upon my own book and quote from it, for a start:

"I shall always count it among the things of my life that I did once play at Canterbury, even in a club match. . . . Canterbury on a summer's day, is there anything better in the game?"

There is a picture of the ground in front of me now. In the forefront there are motor-cars closely parked, in front of them men in their shirt-sleeves and several women with parasols sitting on wooden benches.

In the middle of the field a match is in progress, the wicket-keeper in the act of taking the ball, and in the distance there are white tents, and to the left is the famous tree of this gracious ground, its heavily laden branches bowed down like some intent, giant spectator.

So this is Canterbury. . . .

There is no military band in the picture—perhaps it has not yet fallen in (or whatever army bands do), but how the whole thing takes me back.

The Band Plays On

I should hate to have to say how many years ago, as a boy, I saw my first match at Canterbury and listened to the band between the strokes of the batsmen—and during them. I wonder what it is like to play cricket to music? To bowl to the strains of the "March Militaire," to miss a catch to the tune of "The Kitten on the Keys"?

There is a story of Killick who used to play for Sussex in the days of Ranji and Fry, and who now scores—I mean, keeps the score book—for his old county. He was very fond of music, and they did say that when the musicians of Canterbury broke into a lively dance tune he lifted his foot and was promptly stumped. Probably quite untrue—but not a bad story, I think.

I have so many memories of Canterbury that it is difficult to sort them out. I once saw C. B. Fry booed there and threatening to go off the field unless the row stopped; and I have seen Colin Blythe bowl and Frank Woolley bat at Canterbury. And these are precious things to recall.

Poor Blythe, with his dainty, dancing run-up to the wicket and the ball brought left handed out

of somewhere near the small of his back . . . what a lovely bowler he was. He was killed in the war, and they put up a memorial to him on the Canterbury ground. Perhaps my most vivid memory is of a catch made there—it must be about thirty-five years ago—by C. J. Burnup, who played football for the Corinthians and cricket for Kent.

He had red hair and was fielding at third man to—I think—Arthur Fielder, who bowled fast and once took all ten wickets in an innings for Kent against some team.

A Catch to Remember

This is how I wrote my recollection of the catch—a catch that has always stuck in my mind:

"The batsman had a go and the ball went right high up over the slips, towards the boundary. Burnup turned instantly, and ran with his back to it, looking over his shoulder all the way. There was quite an appreciable time to watch what was happening, and I remember quite clearly how high the ball went and how fast Burnup ran, and how, judging it out of the corner of his left eye, he connected beautifully and held it as it came down into his hands on the boundary."

Picturesque things like that do happen at Canterbury. Wasn't it there that once, when the shades of night were falling, Blythe tossed his bowling high into the setting sun and some cross batsman made a great fuss because, so he said, he could not see the ball? I was not there that time, but I am sure it was so.

Canterbury is the cream of all the Kent cricket "weeks," and to add to the gaiety of it they beflag the streets and the "Old Stagers" perform their plays. It is the one week in the year in which—if I may be forgiven the expression—Canterbury goes gay. Discreetly gay, I hasten to add. I hope I am not giving any close secret away, but a friend of mine who knows a dignitary of the Cathedral rather well (that is to say, they have been known to take beer together) did once tell me that he (my friend) on one occasion found the said dignitary pondering over his sermon for the next Sunday. "Tell me," said the dignitary, seeking worldly advice, "tell me, do you think that I might introduce the beauty of Woolley's batting into the pulpit?"

I hope he did. Why not?

Cricket can be very beautiful at Canterbury.

If your friends find difficulty in obtaining the *Saturday Review* from their newsagents, ask them to send a postcard to The Publisher, *Saturday Review*, 18-20 York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

The Venturers' Heritage

THE story of the old merchant venturers, the ancient guilds, crafts and companies is not only a fascinating one in itself, but it has its importance also as a revelation of the national character.

They were the makers and the interpreters of what Mr. J. Aubrey Rees fittingly calls "The English Tradition" (Frederick Muller, 12s. 6d.)—that spirit of enterprise, of pride in the work taken in hand, of wholesome distaste for the shoddy in craftsmanship and planning, of all-round fair dealing and of selfish devotion to high ideals, which has made this small island of ours the centre of a vast Empire and the envy of other nations.

Tradesmen the early merchants may have been, but tradesmen who knew their job and practised it, regarding it as an "art and mystery" to be thoroughly mastered. They were eminently practical, but they were not guided solely by ideas of personal gain. They were always ready to open their purses in the cause of philanthropy or for the public service.

Some Notable Examples

Thus William de la Pole of Hull, in 1338, at the request of the King, collected and clothed an army for war in France; William Canynge, of Bristol, contributed 3,000 marks (a sum equivalent to £30,000) to Edward IV's Treasury; John Philpot, a London grocer, in the reign of Richard II collected 14 ships and 1,000 men and defeated a Scotch pirate who was attacking English shipping; and Richard Whittington, the famous London mercer, made a magnificent gesture of loyalty to Henry V by purchasing and then burning in the Royal presence bonds to the value of £60,000, issued during the French wars.

These are but a few of the names which find their place in Mr. Rees' interesting narrative, founded on careful research over no less than six centuries and revealing to us that this record of philanthropy and public service has been carried right down to the present day without a break in all those hundreds of years.

Apprenticeship to an "art and mystery" was naturally a serious business and the details which Mr. Rees gives us indicate the care that was taken to bring up the youthful recruits to the various trades in the way they should go, the breach of the strict regulations laid down rendering the apprentice concerned liable to be whipped in the Hall of his company.

All the guilds, crafts and companies took the utmost pains to ensure good quality and workmanship. There were constant inspections of traders' premises and those who fell short of the standards laid down were subjected to immediate punishment.

Sometimes this punishment was of a kind to fit the crime as when John Penrose, for selling unwholesome wine, was compelled to drink a vast draught of it and to have the rest of it poured publicly over his head; sometimes it did not err on the side of leniency as when one Roger Chown, found guilty in 1570 of dealing in a light flimsy cloth got up to look like English broadcloth, had one of his ears cut off and was nailed by the other

for a whole day to his doorpost as an example to other cheats.

And when the operations of these doughty traders began to extend across the seas the same principles as had served internal and Continental trade so well were adhered to with the same rigidity and scrupulousness. So we find Lewis Robert in 1639 proudly recording that

"though in India and these parts (Persia and Arabia) their (the English) trade equaliseth not neither the Portugals nor the Dutch, yet in candid, fair and merchant-like dealing these Pagans, Mahometans and Gentiles hold them in esteem far above them and they have deservedly here the epithet of far more current and square dealers."

England, as Mr. Rees anticipates, will have its contribution to make to the present world difficulties, but it will certainly not be by forgetting "the traditional honour which has been the hallmark of Englishmen for centuries in commercial and international relationships."

The English Seaside

WE are so accustomed these days to the annual rush to the sea every summer that perhaps most of us are inclined to attribute this passion for the seaside and its attractions to the mere fact that we are islanders with the sea and all that pertains to it as our natural heritage.

As a matter of fact, the popularity of the seaside has to be traced back to one of those ironical tricks Fate loves to play in shaping our destinies.

Though Englishmen had the sea all round them and though the sea was the making of the greatness of their island kingdom, the average inland Englishman showed no particular desire to gaze upon it till 1750 when Fate brought back a London bookseller's son, a Dr. Richard Russell, from Padua, where he had taken his medical degree, to write a learned treatise in Latin on the curative properties of sea-water and to prescribe to his fashionable patients a course both of sea-bathing and sea-water drinking.

And when this Jacobite physician took it into his head to migrate to Brighton and Royalty and the whole fashionable world were infected by his example, the rush to the sea-side had begun, to grow in volume in the succeeding centuries.

There's plenty of dippers and jokers

And salt-water rigs for your fun

The King of them all is old Smoaker,

The Queen of 'em old Martha Gunn.

Old Smoaker was the then Prince of Wales' swimming tutor, who thought nothing of tweaking his Royal pupil's ears in the course of his instruction or of addressing him in language more vigorous than polite when his advice was being disregarded. Martha Gunn, who died in the Waterloo year at the age of 88, was in her prime, as her epitaph records, "peculiarly distinguished" as one of those stalwart feminine "dippers" whose ministrations were the recognised ritual of sea-bathing in the late 18th and early 19th centuries.

Of these two-worthies and of the growth and present attractions of six of our most famous seaside resorts much to interest the average reader will be found in that brightly written book "Beside the Seaside" (Edited by Yvonne Cloud, Stanley Nott, 7s. 6d.).

A WAR HISTORY

WHEN some four years ago Captain Liddell Hart's book "The Real War" appeared it was hailed by some critics—and not without justice—as the best short history of the Great War that had been hitherto published.

Captain Liddell Hart has now thoroughly revised this book and enlarged it by over a hundred pages giving it a more appropriate title "The World War" (Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d., with 26 maps).

To comprise the record of four years of a gigantic world struggle within the compass of 624 pages and without being guilty of any very important omissions is no mean achievement; and to those who wish to refresh their memories of the Great War and to have by them a handy and sanely written book on that subject, Captain Liddell Hart's new work can be confidently recommended.

Naturally there will be disagreement here and there with the opinions expressed, but in every case where Captain Liddell Hart indulges in strong comment it will generally be found that he has sound foundation for his criticisms.

The new evidence that has been forthcoming on the War during the past four years has led Captain Liddell Hart to modify views he had formerly put forward regarding such matters as the German strategy at Verdun, the projected move against Austria, the cause of Nivelle's failure in 1917, the Versailles committee and the preparations to meet the German offensive in 1918.

Air Opportunities Missed

He has also added a section dealing with air operations. In this he draws attention to the inability of the high commands on either side to recognise the full potentialities of the new arm.

Had the Germans, he says, in April 1918 launched a sustained and effective bombing attack on the Allies' communications with the British supply bases of Calais and Boulogne to coincide with their Army's offensive at that time, the result might well have had disastrous results for the Allied cause. Similarly

The immense opportunity of crippling the munition supply of the German armies was sacrificed in favour of air fighting over the trench front—sacrificed, in fact, on the battle altar of Clausewitz-in-the-air. Even when the Independent Air Force was at last formed, in face of vehement opposition from G.H.Q., its strength was curtailed to a mere hundred machines (about 2 per cent. of Britain's total air force) and more than half its raids were directed against tactical, instead of industrial, targets.

The air provided one sure means of breaking down the immobility of trench warfare, and it may well be that the future historian of the Great War will find in the lack of enterprise shown on both sides in utilising the new air arm the chief lesson from the military point of view.

But Captain Liddell Hart also dwells on the baneful "overweening influence of cavalry and infantry doctrine" on the British side in tackling the "pre-eminently engineer's war" on the Western front. There was, he holds, remarkably small effort to obtain surprise, the General Staff and the High Command clinging obstinately to their old-fashioned ideas.

THE KHYBER RAILWAY

THOSE who know the Khyber Pass and have had some acquaintance with the wild tribesmen who inhabit the dreary forbidding country through which it winds, can best perhaps appreciate the wonder of the achievement in building a railway connecting Peshawar with the Afghan frontier.

The idea had long occurred to Army Headquarters at Simla, but it was dismissed as impossible till Colonel Sir Gordon Hearn, by a masterly survey, after the Afghan war of 1919, proved that the physical difficulties were by no means insurmountable.

There still remained the human factor to be reckoned with: the opposition of the warlike tribesmen to anything that might interfere with their independence, their raiding facilities and their liberty to carry on their incessant blood feuds.

How the Pathan was Won Over

That was the problem that faced the engineers entrusted with the construction of the line. Its solution was found by tact—by friendly approach to the various maliks of the tribes immediately concerned, by appeals to the Pathan sense of humour over the great possibilities of loot that a railway might afford and by demonstrations of the money to be made by active co-operation in the building of the railway. The business-like aspect of the affair naturally had its attractions for the Semitic strain in the Pathan's blood.

When the fierce opposition had been broken down and the engineers were no longer confronted with the parrot cry "it is forbidden," all the difficulties in regard to the human factor did not at once disappear.

There would be fights every now and then between rival contractors; occasionally a sniper would take a hand in the game; railway material and blasting explosives would mysteriously disappear; and the labour force, wholly untrained in such work, had its own peculiar methods of removing rocks and other impediments. If any lives were lost, who cared?

Mr. Victor Bayley, who was at first employed as the constructing engineer of the Landi Kotal end of the line and who later on took over the whole construction till the railway was completed, gives us in "Permanent Way Through the Khyber" (Jarrolds 18s., illustrated), an absorbingly interesting account of the work that had to be done and as to how it was accomplished.

He never saw the formal opening of the line in November 1925, as by that time his health had broken down under the strain he had endured for some five years and he had to take leave to England to recuperate.

The delay that has occurred in writing up the story of a magnificent achievement is not to be regretted since it has enabled Mr. Bayley to see his work in better perspective and to set out the record in refreshingly lively style.

The Railway, he tells us, "has made India impregnable from land attack for one quarter the cost of a single battleship."

Impregnable only, however, so long as British troops remain to help guard India.

SHORTER NOTICES

AN ANTI-EVOLUTIONIST

CAPTAIN ACWORTH, that rabid protagonist of many queer theories, has set himself the task of denying evolution — *per se* — in his new book, "This Progress" (Rich & Cowan, 7/6). He launches a formidable attack on this theory and so ingeniously is it conceived and set forth, that evolutionists will find a heavy task in front of them to counter Captain Acworth's contentions.

Captain Acworth is concerned with evolution, pure and simple, and rightly ignores such things as inventions which are, after all, only conveniences to life and not the stuff of which life is made. And yet, there is another side to this question which the author would do well to consider. Some quality in mankind's intelligence has been sufficiently developed to make these very inventions possible. Reasoning power and brain have become more active and receptive with the passage of years and the volume of invention has increased a thousandfold during the last fifty years or so. How does Captain Acworth account for this increase in power?

Is it not possible that evolution has stepped in and, through the years of training, improved brain power, so that it is able now to cope with the altered mode of life?

Again, dealing with animals, the author goes to great pains in proving that evolution is non-existent. He cites numerous examples to make his point, all of which seem, on the face of it, fairly watertight. And yet, many of us can probably remember the effect on horses and cows of the first motor-cars. They used to stampede at the sight of them. Now, when motors are common objects, neither foals nor calves evince the slightest fear on the passing of a car. According to Captain Acworth's theory, one would expect to find that same panic in the young of these animals. The allaying of this fear must somehow have been transmitted through the parents since it is non-existent in the off-spring from birth upwards. Is not this a form of evolution?

However, the thesis, as Captain Acworth sets it out, is exceedingly interesting and stimulating.

For its liveliness and robustness, this book is to be recommended to all who delight in argument.

A BOOK ON INDIA

A JOURNALIST who went out to India to edit an English newspaper in Delhi gives us, under the pseudonym "Charles Sandford," an account of his experiences and his impressions regarding certain aspects of Indian life.

He has also in this book of his "India, Land of Regrets" (Fenland Press, 8/6), much to tell us of Indian politics and Indian political personalities. As regards the future, he is an advocate of gradualness.

"We must," he says, "tell India frankly that the pledges we have given to her or to any other nation or people do not stand irrevocably and unalterably for all time; that they were made in good faith and that our intention was to abide by their terms, but that when the fulfilment of a pledge or pledges becomes impossible or the conditions of that fulfilment must clearly lead to disaster, then those pledges must be broken . . . India must be made to understand that the granting of self-government can come only by the most gradual of stages, and that complete autonomy cannot now be envisaged at any particular date."

Sound sense all this, though not likely to appeal to our White Paper enthusiasts.

THE ART OF RELAXING

WHEN the average individual is told by his doctor to relax, he usually interprets the instruction as meaning merely to rest. But Dr. Edmund Jacobson, in "You Must Relax" (McGraw-Hill Publishing Company, 6s.), insists that there is more to it than that, and he sets out to explain what "relaxing" is and should be, while the individual concerned is working, playing or resting.

THE ENGLISH CATHEDRALS

THERE are many people still left in this land who take a delight in those monuments of Old English history and architecture, the English cathedrals. Indeed, there is reason to believe that of late years the number of these people has been steadily growing. And for all such it will be a real joy to possess and to study the comprehensive pictorial survey of these cathedrals that has just been published by Messrs. B. T. Batsford at the extraordinary cheap price of 7/6. The authors responsible for the very informative and lucidly written commentary are Messrs. Harry Batsford and Charles Fry, while the attractive drawings and effective coloured jacket are by Mr. Brian Cook. The main illustrations consist of some 133 photographs of interiors and exteriors and are remarkable both for the clarity and artistry of their effects. Mr. Hugh Walpole contributes a preface to the book and sums it up as "a splendid record of the beauty and dignity and imperturbability of soul in the Cathedrals of England."

LIGHT ON ITALY

THANKS to Signor Mussolini, Italy occupies to-day a far greater position in Europe and in the world generally than at any time since her unification. It is he, too, who must be credited with bringing about the "accelerated rhythm of Italian life," to quote his own characteristic phrase. From both the external and internal points of view, Italy has increasingly become a country that deserves to be closely studied and understood.

To their valuable series of "Companions to Modern Studies," Messrs. Methuen have just added "Italy, a Companion to Italian Studies" (12s. 6d.), edited by Edmund G. Gardner, Professor of Italian in London University, whose name is a guarantee of the excellence of this work. He himself contributes several chapters, notably that on Early Italian Literature. Other contributors are Professor Cesare Foligno, Dr. Tancred Borenius, Dr. Camillo Pellizzi, and Dr. Dent, Professor of Music at Cambridge.

There may be some question respecting the exact date when Italy became recognisably Italy, but this volume covers the whole field of Italian history, politics, literature and art from the beginning of the Middle Ages down to the present time—and this is just what the student wants, particularly as there is attached to each chapter a very complete bibliography, if further investigation is needed or desired. The book is dedicated to the memory of the late Italian Ambassador Bordonaro, who promoted in England such studies as these.

THE RISE AND SPREAD OF JAZZ

MR. Stanley R. Nelson, music critic of the "Era," in "All about Jazz" (Heath Cranton, 3s. 6d.), traces the development of this phase of popular music from its beginnings to the present time. "From the jungle to the ballroom," he writes, "is a long step, and Jazz has undergone a refinement in keeping with such a transition. The intervention of the war left the civilised world in a mental chaos, and Jazz provided the very stimulant it required. Vulgarity was the predominating feature of the 1918 Jazz, and 'noise' was the only word that could aptly describe it; but the passing of years and the gradual settling down of the people has brought back melody as the vital ingredient, with harmony as the furnishing and rhythm as the sauce. From a position of pre-eminence, the drummer has been relegated to the background until we have the modern syncopated orchestra falling naturally into two sections—melodic and rhythmic." He also tells us all about the composition and instrumentation of the modern dance band and gives us interesting details regarding the careers of English and American Jazz celebrities. Finally he warns his readers that "Jazz can be a splendid thing or a hideous abortion. Upon you rests much of the responsibility of its future." It is a book that should appeal to all Jazz enthusiasts.

The Holiday Season

WITH Parliament "up," the holiday season may now be said to be in full swing. Many people have their holiday plans already made; others may still be debating the sometimes difficult question where to go.

To these the holiday handbooks produced by the four great railway systems in this country may be recommended as providing the means of reaching a decision.

These handbooks are, one and all, remarkably attractive publications, with their photogravures and coloured pictures of every variety of country and seashore scenery; and they contain a mass of useful information regarding all the better known and less familiar holiday localities and also concerning such things as farmhouses to be rented, country and seaside lodgings, hotels, boarding-houses, hydros and estate agents.

They are also wonderfully cheap, each of the four volumes being priced at sixpence. They are procurable at most of the bookstalls or from the central offices of the four railways.

They are called: G.W.R., "Holiday Haunts"; L.N.E.R., "The Holiday Handbook"; L.M.S., "Holidays by L.M.S."; Southern Railway, "Hints for Holidays."

Those Banks and Braes

For visitors to Scotland during the summer months, intent on making short or extensive tours, a little volume published by Messrs. Dent at the modest price of half-a-crown should prove invaluable ("Scotland for Everyman," by H. A. Piehler, with an atlas of 24 coloured maps).

The author gives a description of the principal scenic beauties and antiquities of Scotland, divided into twelve tours, adapted for the needs of the motorist, the traveller by motor-coach, motor-bus or railway, the cyclist and the walker. Hints are offered for the guidance of every kind of traveller, and the book also contains a Scottish calendar and glossary.

Another useful guide-book is "Scotland in Ten Days," by J. J. Bell (George G. Harrap & Co., Ltd., 5s.).

Mr. Bell has taken thought for each of the three kinds of visitor—the railway traveller, the motorist and the independent tourist whose plans are not circumscribed by ticket or car; and for each he has planned out the ten days in such a way that the visitor can return, not confused by a jumbled blur of geographical and historical facts and figures, but really refreshed in mind and body, with "clear and happy memories of the country's most characteristic features."

Cheap Continental Holidays

An exiguous domestic exchequer may deter many people who would like to see something of the Continent from venturing on a trip abroad.

In a series of entertainingly written books—the two latest being "Switzerland on Ten Pounds" and "Italy on Ten Pounds" (Ivor Nicholson & Watson, with pen and ink illustrations, 5s. each volume)—Mr. Sydney A. Clark shows how it is possible even for those with lean purses to gratify their desire for Continental travel.

The £10 expenditure, of course, does not cover the cost of transportation from England, but the sum specified will, says, Mr. Clark, suffice for seeing everything worth seeing in the particular country selected. A useful map accompanies each volume.

ARISTOTLE'S THEORY OF THE SOUL

One hardly expects in a thesis prepared and approved for the degree of Master of Arts in the London University anything startlingly original in the way of exposition of Aristotelian philosophy, but at least it may be said of Mr. E. E. Spicer's thesis, now published as a book ("Aristotle's Conception of the Soul," University of London Press, 8s. 6d.), that it sets out both adequately and competently the accepted interpretations of Aristotle's theory of the soul and offers, where scholarly authorities happen to differ, a well-reasoned argument for a particular point of view.

Detective & Other Thrills

ALL ABOUT SHERLOCK

By Richard Keverne

THAT greatest of sleuths, Mr. Sherlock Holmes, is the subject of "Baker Street Studies" edited by H. W. Bell (Constable, 7/6) and the book is a very good joke—some parts of it better than others.

To produce it, eight clever people have joined in the game of "let's pretend." The pretence is that Sherlock, Dr. Watson and all the characters in the Holmes stories were real persons, and the game is to deduce from Dr. Watson's narratives various interesting details about the lives of these people.

Now to play a game of this kind successfully, you must be clever enough not to be too clever, and so allow the game to get hold of you and lead you into dry dissertations about something which, after all, never existed. For ability in playing the game skillfully I would give the highest marks to Father Ronald Knox.

His chapter, "The Mystery of Mycroft" is really good fun. Mycroft Holmes, you will remember, was Sherlock's mysterious brother. Father Knox's theory, which he propounds delightfully, is that Mycroft was a rogue in the pay of Sherlock's enemy, Professor Moriarty, and through him the Professor was kept in touch with Sherlock's every plan. The idea had never occurred to me, but I am convinced of it now.

Mr. A. G. Macdonnell plays well too. He tackles Moriarty, and suggests that the sinister Professor was a bogey, put up by Holmes himself to cover his failures. Miss Dorothy Sayers' contribution, "Holmes' College Career" is on the heavy side, and deals very solemnly with Sherlock's University days.

Other chapters are concerned with Sherlock's medical studies, his landlady, his limitations, and his reactions to women. The editor, Mr. H. W. Bell, a tremendous student of Holmes, contributes a clever chapter on "The Date of 'The Sign of the Four'" and a "Note on Doctor Watson's Wound."

The net result is an extremely entertaining book if you know your Sherlock Holmes, and a brilliant testimony to the skill of Dr. A. Conan Doyle, as he was when he wrote most of the stories.

Of course, the adventures contain many inconsistencies, but it is amazing that there were not many, many more. I doubt very much if the detective story writers of to-day could turn out so many and varied stories of the same nature and make so few bloomers.

Murders in a Suburb

Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's "The Bank Manager" (Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6) displays once more its author's fecundity of imagination. Mr. Oppenheim was always lavish of ideas and he has packed this book full of incident and thrill, as he tells of crime on the really grand scale.

The scene is a rural suburb of London; the characters mostly City men. There are three murders and a gigantic swindle, and the solution of the mystery is well concealed until towards the end.

Snappy Crime

A staccato snappy American story is "The Timetable Murder" by Roger Denbie (Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 7/6). Told almost entirely in dialogue, it begins briskly and crisps up more and more as it goes on.

A powerful newspaper proprietor is found hanged in his compartment in the "Washington Limited" on its journey from Boston. He was murdered. By someone on the train. Who? How? Why? The sleuths go to it. In 22 hours 42 minutes they know who, how and why. Good reading. Try it.

CORRESPONDENCE

HOW THE LONDON NAVAL TREATY
SHOULD BE REVISED

SIR,—The National Policy which should be adopted when the London Naval Treaty is due for revision, has received the serious consideration of the Navy League, which has passed the following resolution:—

"That the Navy League considers that, apart from the question of parity in capital ships, H.M.'s Government should insist on complete freedom of action as regards cruisers and smaller craft, which are necessary for the protection of our supplies, and which, owing to the unique strategical position of the British Empire, can never be a menace to another Power."

The present position is unsatisfactory in that the number of cruisers allowed to Great Britain is wholly inadequate for the protection of our trade routes, and is limited by the numbers allowed to other Powers whose requirements are in no way comparable to our own.

The position of this country as regards cruisers is unique in as much as an efficient patrol throughout the length of our trade routes is essential if we are to obtain the food and raw materials on which our existence depends, and the paramount importance of this duty precludes the possibility of a heavy concentration of cruisers for offensive purposes. Similar considerations apply to destroyers and sloops which are necessary for the protection of convoys.

It is therefore urged on H.M.'s Government that, apart from the question of parity in capital ships, complete freedom of action as regards cruisers and smaller vessels (the supply of which will always be limited by other financial demands) is a national necessity.

LLOYD (President).

LYMINGTON (Chairman).

G. O. STEPHENSON, Vice-Admiral
(General Secretary).

The Navy League.

The Navy Week Displays

SIR,—There was once a Cockney on holiday who, reading the slogan on a Navy Week poster, "See Your Navy," availed himself of the invitation and inspected one of the latest battleships. At the conclusion of his tour he approached the Officer of the Watch and asked whether the Captain was aboard. The Captain was. "Right," said the Cockney, "tell him one of 'is bosses wants to see him.'"

Though this little story may carry the rights of ownership rather far, it does in a way express the position of the Navy as regards the general public. Very few people grasp the fact that the Navy does belong to them (collectively, of course); that it is paid for from their money, and that the annual Navy Estimates, at which we are wont to grumble, is really a very small insurance premium to pay for the National safety.

The Navy likes to see its "bosses" during Navy Week. It likes to show the general public round, and hopes to prove to them that it does its job as efficiently as possible. It puts up as good a show as it can for their interest and enjoyment.

N. O.

True Conservatism

SIR,—"Kim's" article in this week's *Saturday Review* on "Mosley, Rothermere and Conservatism" is amusing to a young Conservative because of the ancient heresies that he has disinterred. To quote the *period of Disraeli* as the golden age of Conservatism is to misread history completely. Disraeli was never a Conservative and never asserted any principles except those of expediency.

Yet, in a world that thrives by trading, "Conservatism" (interpreted as "continuity") has a place. Not an hereditary place; but a place similar to that of the inheritor of a thriving manufacturing business, who has to scrap effete machinery and instal the modern type.

Progress in science, art, industry, education, invention, will make the word "Conservative" a barren sterility unless we can infuse into our institutions the modern spirit. Everywhere men are re-labelling themselves, Co-operators, Communists, Socialists, Nazis, Fascists, etc.—not one of them has a clear objective idea, not one of them sees that development rests of necessity on a Conservative basis, using past achievement as a progressive fulcrum to future good.

The universe will never return to its infancy again; it only seeks in its endless transformations to preserve the golden thread of its pristine purpose.

40, Cromwell Grove,
West Kensington, W.6.

JOHN WILLCOCKS.

The British Legion

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an article entitled "Whitehall's Grip on the British Legion," which appeared in the *Saturday Review* (21st July, 1934).

I heartily agree with everything said. You say "H.Q. has no real bond of sympathy with the rank and file." I will go further and say that H.Q. is not above raking the last coppers out of the pockets of ex-Service men. Last Christmas the Legion boosted the "Children's Annual" at 2s. 6d. per copy, branches being exhorted to push the sale of these to their members, while Gamages were selling the same book to the public for 1s. 6d. per copy.

Now Gamages do not handle goods which do not return a reasonable profit; how much more profit did the Legion make out of this deal?

ANOTHER LEGIONARY.

Flat Rate for Imperial Air Mails

[From Viscount Elibank]

SIR,—The decision of the Postmaster-General to inaugurate air mails between a number of cities in this country is a step in the right direction. Not only is it important as a direct contribution to industrial development, but also as establishing a principle which those of us who are interested in air development have been emphasising for some considerable time.

The efficiency of the air industry, and, as a corollary, of our air defence, depends very largely upon the prosperity of civil aviation. Assured freight is the royal road to a solution of the problem and the Postmaster-General himself has now stated that "in organising these new air mail routes our hope is to make an important contribution to the development of aircraft and air efficiency in this country."

It is to be hoped, however, that he will without delay extend these benefits of air mail facilities at a low cost to all parts of the Empire.

A year or two ago serious objections were raised to internal air services. The success of the Inverness-Orkney experiment has been so overwhelming that all fears have been banished and the new services have been decided upon.

The success of the new routes now announced is inevitable. So also would be that of Empire routes — and I have urged repeatedly that our air development must be regarded as an Imperial necessity.

Might I suggest that the Postmaster General should inaugurate an experimental Empire service of low mail rates between, say, England and the East African Territories? He would find, I am sure, that the results both in finance and in industrial benefits would amply justify the sending of all mails to these Territories by air.

Sir Kingsley Wood is to be congratulated on going as far as he has done, but he should not be satisfied until he has pursued his policy to its logical conclusion and given us a low flat rate for all Empire mails.

23, Pelham Place, S.W. 7.

ELIBANK.

Lord Willingdon and the Indian Princes

SIR,—Your comments on Lord Willingdon's action in snubbing Ranji and causing him to lose all further interest in life were both timely and justified.

Lord Willingdon appears to be intent on driving the Indian Princes to accept the White Paper policy whether they like it or not.

In the last 150 years of Indian history the Princes have been alternately bullied and cajoled. They have always proved loyal helpers to the British Raj in times of emergency, but over and over again when the emergency has passed their great services have been temporarily forgotten, and they have been subjected to much irritating interference—until, of course, the next emergency has arisen.

During the past thirty years, however, there has been a more saner attitude to these Princes. They have been encouraged to meet and consult with one another and have been elevated to the position of Councillors of the Empire.

Now under Lord Willingdon it seems that we are reverting to the bad old practice of snubbing and bullying the Princes.

Is this fair to men who have always served the Empire so well? And is it even expedient?

OLD QUAI HAI.

East India United Service Club,
16, St. James Square, W. 1.

London's Air Defences

SIR,—Lord Londonderry recognises that while complete defence against air attack has not yet been devised, it is still possible to do something.

What actually are the Government doing?

We know they are *not* aiming at Air parity.

Are they similarly neglecting what Lord Londonderry calls the "shield"?

T. P. EVANS.

Ealing.

SIR,—I see that the Commanding Officer of one of the Territorial Anti-Aircraft Gunner Companies has been writing to the papers protesting against the idea that the defence of London against air attack is impossible from the ground.

He says that anti-aircraft gunnery has made immense strides since the war.

Is this a fact? And if it is, has London an adequate supply of these anti-aircraft batteries and guns? If it hasn't, who is to blame?

MOTHER OF SIX.

Streatham Common.

[London's air defences are obviously deficient at the present time and the people to blame are the National Government who treated Lady Houston's recent offer with contempt.—EDITOR.]

A National Theatre

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,

At the present moment the Socialist Party are running what is known as the "*Left Theatre*"—and producing at regular intervals plays dealing with radical and Communist subjects.

Recently I played for them in order to get some idea of their methods, and I can assure you that the time is not very distant when they will have a permanent theatre in the West End of London dispensing Socialism and Communism, and, furthermore, they will be sending plays to the provinces.

This, I venture to suggest, is bound to have a far-reaching effect, and I feel that a counter-organisation should be immediately brought into action—and I can think of nothing better than a National Theatre, playing only British plays, written by British authors, played by British actors—and financed with British money.

The "*Left Theatre*" at first decided on a policy of only playing their plays on Sunday nights in order to avoid the supervision of the Censor and the Lord Chamberlain, but now that they realise how successful they are becoming their aim is a "*Permanent Left Theatre*," and in the ordinary way a play needs but little pruning in order to pass the Censor. All that keeps them back at present is a little more capital, and it won't be long before they get it.

CONSERVATIVE.

PARTNERS' PORT



If you prefer a full, rich ruby Port of fine quality try **SANDEMAN Partners'**. Years ago the Partners of the firm selected this fine wine for their own use, subsequently they decided to offer it to the public. Partners' Port is a connoisseur's wine.

SANDEMAN PORT

GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO., LTD., 20 St. Swithin's Lane, E.C.4

LONDON'S MOST MODERN PHARMACY

gives you personal attention and service



Twenty steps from Piccadilly Circus—and you'll find the most up-to-date Pharmacy in London. Not only up-to-date in design, but also in service. Your prescriptions will be ready in half the time when you bring them here. And the range of toiletries, perfumes, etc., is quite the best in town.

DORLAND HOUSE Pharmacy

LOWER REGENT STREET, PICCADILLY CIRCUS

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

A 2 hour Kodak Development Service

Humbug of Tennis Amateurs

By Isthmian

THERE is no bigger scandal in the world of amateur sport than the racketeering which annually goes on in the game named amateur lawn tennis and the Davis Cup competitions.

The whole of the English daily press stands for that ramp. Not one newspaper will dare publish the truth although it is known to all. And that statement comes from a specialist who has tried from every angle for the past twenty odd years to get into print some semblance of the facts which are common knowledge in lawn tennis circles.

Amateurs! How many are there in the Davis Cup affairs which have just been played out at Wimbledon? The whole business is the most cynical flaunting of the amateur spirit ever invented by Eton and Cambridge.

According to the rules only an amateur may take part in the Davis Cup competitions. Look at the regulations and note what constitutes an amateur player:

Any lawn tennis player is an amateur who . . . does not receive or has not received, directly or indirectly, pecuniary advantage by the playing or the pursuit of the game.

An amateur player is specifically prohibited from:

- (a) Advertising or permitting his name to be advertised commercially to his own advantage in connection with any tournament match or competition;
- (b) or permitting his name to be advertised as the author of any book or press article on the game of which he is not the actual author.

Let us get it clear in simple language. An amateur player is one who pays all his own expenses to play lawn tennis. He buys his own rackets at retail prices, similarly his tennis balls when he wants to practise. He pays his own entrance fees to every tournament for which he enters; his fares in getting to and from the ground. Also his hotel bills he pays himself in full; and he buys all his own sports wear and pays for his coaching.

Centre Court Favourites

In a word, an amateur pays for everything himself just as though there were never such a thing as the Lawn Tennis Association which ladles out patronage to the favoured few.

And to recall their own all-embracing rule. An amateur is a player who does not or has not received directly or indirectly pecuniary advantage by the playing or the pursuit of the game. According to these rules the centre court favourites are not amateurs—and we all know it, and so does the governing body which annually plays the part of spider to the fly.

Not long ago representatives of our own governing body came back from a Paris conference where they led a great crusade with much flag-wagging and more verbiage about tightening up the amateur definition. Henceforth only the real Simon Pure would be tolerated within the magic amateur circle.

Nothing really, however, could be tighter than

the present rules. "No one may directly or indirectly gain pecuniary advantage from the playing or the pursuit of the game." Nobody can beat that without the knowledge of the L.T.A. councillors.

Yet our own so-called amateurs are sent by the governing body responsible for this verbiage upon world tours. They live for eight or twelve months entirely upon the funds supplied to them by the Lawn Tennis Association. They do not buy their own rackets, or their clothes; they do not pay for their own travelling or their hotel expenses and they receive weekly quite a generous sum in cash as pocket money.

That is the sort of amateurism the Lawn Tennis Association actually fosters.

A Price on Patronage

And why? Simply because it makes them, as the governing body, the sole dispensers of patronage. Thereby they have a hold which is wholly immoral on the younger generation! Be subservient to us and we will see you through! That is the official policy and the nature of their power.

Amidst all this talk about amateurism, we see that a player has only to attain a certain eminence at the game and suddenly he becomes a journalist of first-page importance.

It that not pecuniary benefit from the pursuit of the game? Would Miss Betty Nuthall have got into print at the age of fourteen or fifteen in monthly periodicals which pay up to twenty-five guineas for a signed article, but from her fame gathered up from the real journalist who had been advertising her?

If Miss Dorothy Round had not become Britain's No. 1 player last year, would a certain London national newspaper have paid her big moneys to put her name to signed instructional articles on lawn tennis? The other day there was such a weekly article; "Miss Dorothy Round tells you how to volley!" One of the best jokes of the season's game in the circles of tournament players.

And then what about F. J. Perry? How did an evening newspaper herald his amateur contributions? Here it is:

The greatest man lawn tennis player in the world will mirror this golden summer of sport for our readers.

F. J. Perry, who is outstanding in his lawn tennis writings as he is on the court, will review the pageant of the game in weekly articles; and when the great times come, such as at Wimbledon and during the Davis Cup and Wightman Cup matches, he will comment on them in additional articles.

THE MAN ON THE HEIGHTS

Mr. Perry, as the champion of the United States and Australia, Britain's great hope in the Wimbledon singles, stands on the heights now.

He is able to write on every angle of the game, for every kind of player. His articles will not only illuminate the events of the season, they will be a real and helpful guide to the game written by a master.

The quotations given above from this London evening newspaper demonstrate without any loop-

(Continued on page 935)

THEATRE NOTES

A PROCESSION OF INANITIES

By Russell Gregory

"That Certain Something" Aldwych Theatre
By Dayrell Webberley

MARY Lister was such a very very Good Girl that she found it impossible to persuade Wicked Theatrical Managers of her ability to play Naughty Parts on the stage. So she pretended to be very Foreign and Forward and Frivolous and drank Vodka like Anything and even broke Glasses. So of course the Wicked Theatrical Managers gave her the part because she was so obviously Naughty, although she wasn't really, if you see what I mean, and That was all there was to That.

I do not like hitting a play when it is down, but why this particular one was even produced passes my comprehension. It was just one long procession of inanities. Unfortunately the acting was in many cases little better than the play. Ruby Miller did her best with impossible material, and good performances came from Arthur Chesney and Norman le Strange. The best thing of the evening was Colombo's Hungarian Orchestra which played during the intervals.

(Continued from page 934)

hole for argument that it must be Mr. Perry's pre-eminence on the lawn tennis court which makes his name an attractive one to put to signed articles in the Press.

Quite obviously his name is being advertised to his own advantage in connection with such tournaments and matches as Wimbledon, and the Davis Cup.

Again, if he is paid for these articles he must without argument thus gain "pecuniary benefit from pursuit of the game." Yet the amateur definition of the Lawn Tennis Association specifically prohibits such pecuniary benefit and such advertising.

Has Mr. Perry on his recent eight-months tour of America and Australia suddenly attained front-page journalistic abilities? Even if he has attained these elusive qualities is not Mr. Perry gaining pecuniary advantage from his pre-eminence as an amateur in being so advertised?

Let the Lawn Tennis Association answer these questions definitely and in such a manner as will convince the plain man that their own amateurs do not gain pecuniary advantage directly or indirectly from writing articles in the Press or from fully-paid eight-months tours of the globe.

We know and we say that they cannot do so; nor can any one else.

And that is the great scandal known to all in the knowledgeable tennis world—a scandal which has reaped to the L.T.A. a balance of some £60,000 and supplied to eminent players cheap and free rackets, free hotel accommodation, free coaching and free everything while on any little tour or county tournament.

MUSIC NOTES

MUSIC FOR THE SCREEN

By Herbert Hughes

IN his very attractive book, "Music Ho!" Mr. Constant Lambert remarks apropos of mechanical music that "the cinema from being the servant-girl of the arts, the butt of every footling dramatic critic who once saw a play by Ibsen, has blossomed out into the oneart form of to-day which while in touch with the public can yet beat the intellectual at his own game."

This is not over-stated. Yet there are intellectuals to-day, and over-refined amateurs, who look upon the cinema with contempt if not revulsion, based chiefly on second-hand small-talk; and I know at least one music critic, occupying a very prominent position, who boasted to me that he had never been inside a cinema in his life.

Films, says Mr. Lambert, have the emotional impact for the twentieth century that operas had for the nineteenth. Pudovkin and Eisenstein are the true successors of Mussorgsky. D.W. Griffiths is our Puccini, Cecil B. de Mille our Meyerbeer, and René Clair our Offenbach. The significant thing is that composers of real merit, alive to what Mr. Lambert calls the cinema æsthetic, are turning their thoughts filmwards, though it is already late in the day to think of developing anything approaching symphonic form in that medium. A revolution had already taken place with the advent of the sound film before they had realised what was happening. To-day, and to-morrow, the composer must toe the line, and develop his ideas and his technique in strictest collaboration with the producer, as does the producer with the camera man and the sound expert, and they with the latest "discoveries" of science. At the present moment the art of writing music for the screen has hardly evolved beyond the merest trade, and is too frequently entrusted to hacks who are hardened to solecisms of the most dismal kind. Efficiency and box-office appeal are generally all that is required of the musician.

Music of a creative kind—that is, music specially composed, is rarely found in anything like equal collaboration. Eugene Goossens' music to *The Constant Nymph*, excellent as it was, was purely incidental and really written for the original play. *Unfinished Symphony*, produced some months ago at the Curzon, was miscast as a production, but had much effective background music as well as some straight songs and choruses drawn, of course, from Schubert. Although a section of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra took part, and a famous choir of boys, there were blunders in the presentation of the music that might have been avoided if (as I suspect) the chief musician had been given a free hand. *Man of Aran* offered a unique opportunity for music of a traditional kind, but though the musician in this case is supposed to have drawn upon genuine folk-song material, the result out-Wagnered Wagner in method. On the whole, style for style, the music to Sierra's *Cradle Song* was the most neatly fitted and appropriate that I have lately encountered.

Stock Market Reaction

(By our City Editor)

THE active business period has been extended rather longer this year than is usually the case towards the August holiday period, but the volume of orders in the Stock Markets has now assumed Summer proportions and this fact helped to emphasise the nervous reaction of markets to the Austrian crisis. In addition, doubts have been cast upon the probability of a further trade revival at present by many persons "in the know," among them Mr. Runciman, who praised the extent to which home trade had recovered and deplored the lack of progress in international trade. Further, Wall Street has been suffering from waves of weakness and liquidation which recall the hectic days of 1929 and the Continental centres have reacted like a barometer in stormy weather. Mr. Baldwin's belated recognition of Germany's air-power also had its effect, coming at the same time as the adverse news of President Hindenburg. Against this we have the steady rise in commodity prices to higher levels, but it is little wonder that markets here should have been hesitant. It is more surprising that they have developed no actual weakness.

Railway Results

The weakest section of Stock Markets has, in fact, been the Home Railway market where the results for the half-year, though eminently satisfactory, did not quite come up to the expectations of the "bulls." The L.M.S. figures were excellent with an increase of £1,000,000 in net revenue, the dividends on the 5 per cent. redeemable preference, and the 4 per cent. preference stock being $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. respectively, compared with $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and 1 per cent. a year ago. The L.N.E.R. statement was also satisfactory, net receipts being £686,000 up and the payments which a year ago made a transfer of £600,000 from reserve necessary are made this year without help from that fund. Nothing is yet paid on the preference capital, however.

The G.W.R. reported a net revenue gain of £370,000, the $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interim on the ordinary stock being repeated, and the Southern's net revenue increase was £90,000, no interim being paid on the preferred ordinary stock. In consequence the latter has slumped to about £70. This stock seems likely to receive at least 4 per cent. for the year, so that at its present price it is worth attention. Southern deferred and L.M.S. ordinary are similarly priced at just over 20, Southern looking the cheaper as being nearer the dividend stage. In

fact, Home Rails have come back to prices at which the investor should take notice.

Time to buy Rubbers

Since the announcement that restriction of rubber output was actually agreed upon, the shares have been a quiet market and the very absence of business enables the investor to make a speculative purchase, though he may find it difficult to buy the shares he seeks at anything like their apparent market price owing to the scarcity of the supply. Of course, rubber shares are widely held and as most of the present holders acquired the shares at prices well above those at present ruling, they are not willing sellers. The price of the commodity has remained steadily over 7d. per lb., at which most of the leading companies are able to make a profit, though it remains to be seen whether they can do so when their output is compulsorily restricted.

The full measure of restriction does not come into force until the end of the year, so that it will be impossible to calculate its effects upon the finances of the companies at all accurately until 1936. However, many of the companies have already resumed dividend payments and in the case of the concerns with low costs, at any rate, it is safe to assume that these payments will be increased when the current year's accounts are reviewed.

Some 2s. Shares

By reason of their low denomination the "floriners," or 2s. shares, have always been popular with the investing public, and at present prices they still seem to have every prospect of capital appreciation while giving a fair return as a purely speculative investment. Among these may be mentioned Bertam Consolidated, a company with very low costs (under 2½d.). Such recovery has been made that the last report showed profits of £21,016 and a dividend of 7 per cent. was declared. The 2s. shares stand at 4s. 6d. Bikam has not yet resumed dividends though the profit-earning stage has been regained. The shares look promising at 2s. 9d. Chersonese pay a dividend of 3½ per cent. free of tax, profits last year amounting to £10,619. Costs are under 3d. per lb., and the shares look attractive at just over 3s. Cheviot, who last year made a profit of £12,819, pay 5 per cent., the shares standing at nearly 5s. Here again the costs are low, as is also the case with the third of the "C" companies, Cicely, which has resumed dividends with a payment of 4 per cent. from profits of £6,455. The shares are about 4s. 6d.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE

INSURANCE Co., Ltd. Total Funds exceed £45,378,000. Total Income exceeds £10,343,000

LONDON: 61, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2

EDINBURGH: 64, Princes Street

Why Do They Broadcast Rubbish?

Dance Tunes that Insult Intelligence

By Alan Howland

THE B.B.C. is a past master at the gentle art of "lying low and saying nuffin." Not that there is very often much to be said to its credit, but it would be interesting to the general public to know whether the B.B.C. has any opinions on any subject whatever or whether it has the slightest idea what it is doing.

At the present moment the hydra-headed dance band problem has once again obtruded itself on the public notice. First of all there appears in the press a paragraph stating that the B.B.C. is over-hauling its dance music policy. This the B.B.C. strenuously denies in its official organ. Within four days of this categorical denial a further paragraph appears in the press giving chapter and verse in support of its previous con-

tention. The B.B.C. says nothing, presumably because those members of the staff who are not dead from the neck up, are on holiday.

Whatever the truth may be, it is obvious that something must be done about the deluge of cacophony which swamps the ether every evening. People who are dancing mad will, I suppose, go through their contortions whatever tune is being played, but the vast majority of listeners have no desire to dance at this late hour of night and no intention of flinging themselves around their parlours at the behest of an outside organisation. The dance band broadcasts must therefore stand on their own merits as musical programmes, and this they utterly fail to do.

In the first place, the numbers played are for the most part beneath contempt. They are devoid of melody, and have no musical value at all. Some of them have no rhythm either and sound merely like an orchestra of pneumatic drills conducted by an anthropoid ape. And the so-called lyrics, what of them? To say that they were senseless would be to pay them rather a high compliment. Mere words cannot describe what I think of them.

To make matters worse, this fatuous jargon is "crooned" over the microphone in what is supposed to be a sentimental manner and usually in a fake American accent. Whether, in some distant part of Whitechapel, there is a school where the denizens can learn to sing through their noses and to rhyme "tree-oo" with "blee-oo" and "yee-oo" it is impossible for a mere layman to say, but I can account for the crooning phenomenon in no other way.

The B.B.C. has it in its power to remedy all this; in fact, it should never have countenanced it in the first place. As long as the B.B.C. pays inadequate fees to dance bands it cannot expect to have any direct control over the selection of the numbers or the personnel. Dance bands do not live by broadcasting alone. Their employers are the managements of the respective hotels and restaurants to whom they are under contract. The B.B.C. can suggest, I do not know whether it even does so, but it cannot insist; it can threaten, but it is unlikely to carry out its threat.

The saddest part of all is that, though the B.B.C. has the power to improve these programmes, it has not the ability. The prospect of all the dance bands being under the artistic direction of a highly paid B.B.C. official is even more appalling than the present state of affairs. There is only one solution. There simply must be an alternative programme between 10.30 p.m. and midnight. Let the crooners croon themselves silly—it would not take them long—on one wavelength and let the other be devoted to some jolly talks on muffin flattening in Patagonia or "In Town Last Thursday Week." Then we shall all be happy.

COMPANY MEETING

THRELFALL'S BREWERY COMPANY

STEADY INCREASE IN SALES

The 47th annual general meeting of Threlfall's Brewery Co., Ltd., was held on August 1st at Southern House, London, E.C.

Major C. M. Threlfall, J.P. (the chairman), in the course of his speech said: Since I last had the pleasure of addressing you a distinct and beneficial change in trade has been experienced both in regard to your Company and to the Brewing Industry generally throughout the country. The past year has witnessed an expansion in our business, and in addition the year has been singularly free from disturbing factors which have previously prevailed. The general and welcome return to improved conditions of employment, coinciding with the reduction in the price of beer by 1d. per pint, stimulated demand and created a much more hopeful atmosphere. Your company has naturally derived its share of this increased business, and your board are, therefore, in the happy and fortunate position of presenting results to you, which show a gratifying increase in profits compared with those of last year. (Hear, hear).

I think you will agree that the accounts now before you are highly satisfactory and that they disclose a sound and strong financial position. I am also pleased to inform you that the steady and re-assuring increase in sales is continuing, and it seems a reasonable assumption that, provided no unforeseen economic conditions arise, the lowest point of the depression is gradually receding and the future outlook is more encouraging after a long period of uncertainty.

Finest Quality Materials

It has always been the policy of your board to use products of the finest quality only in the manufacture of the Company's beverages, and this will be continued although the prices of Malt and Hops are now at an exceptionally high figure. However, an agreement has been arrived at whereby an average and more reasonable price for Hops has been fixed for the next five years, as included in the amended Hops Marketing Scheme, which has recently been approved by Parliament.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and a dividend at the rate of 16 per cent. per annum on the ordinary shares, making 15 per cent. for the year, was declared.

CINEMA NOTES

The Menace of Talk

By Alan Murraine

TALK is still an intoxicant to the film producer. In pre-sound days he had to plan his film in terms of photographs; and the result, though often tentative, was inevitably some kind of moving picture. He had to convey his meaning visually, by the transition from one shot to the next. This is the special technique of the screen, and it had to be mastered.

With the advent of sound the producers went into raptures. "Here," one could almost hear them shouting, "is the solution. We can now copy the stage. That screen technique was too difficult anyway." So they made their escape. Stunned by sound they began making films from plays, even from plays that had been taken from novels. The first-rate potentialities of the screen were lowered to third-rate uses.

Straight from the Stage

This process of disintegration has not stopped. The films of the week *Men in White*, *Lilies of the Field*, *She Loves Me Not* and *Spring Time For Henry* are all adaptations of plays. Each was visualised, initially at any rate, in terms of the stage, and consequently each started with an insuperable handicap. Every picture should be conceived primarily in terms of photographs. The type of action required is quite different from action on the stage. In films talk should be subsidiary, not the prime means of communicating thoughts and emotions.

Spring Time For Henry (Fox) shows the stage-film at its worst. The story, a frivolous, philandering affair, is presented almost entirely by means of dialogue; and the dialogue is short and meretricious.

Practically the only respect in which *Lilies of the Field* (British and Dominions) has been changed from the play of some years ago is in the occasional shots of horses and cows outside the vicarage. The play, I remember, was an agreeable comedy. The film, however, made me yawn. The speeches went their way at interminable length; and Winifred Shotter's light-hearted assumption of the costumes and outlook of the 1880's is prolonged with a grim earnestness. Worse still, there is nothing that appeals to the mind through the eye.

The cinema has its own individual way of appealing to the imagination. In this film we are asked to leave our imaginations at home.

She Loves Me Not (Paramount) emerges at a different level. It is a "musical" with an involved, nonsensical plot, but it is efficiently made and is successful on its own plane. You are not asked to worry about Miriam Hopkins's dilemma as a student at Princeton University. What matter are the crooning, the breathless energy of Lynne Overman as a publicity agent and the note of irresponsibility which the director, Elliott Nugent, has expertly sustained throughout the film. The

spectacle of Bing Crosby and Kitty Carlisle singing "Love in Bloom" to each other across a heavenly nimbus is a trifle disconcerting, but there are some extremely well-timed jokes.

Men in White (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) demands a more critical attention. It is a serious picture of American hospital life, which states, and, albeit rather vaguely, attempts to solve a problem. Clark Gable is a promising young surgeon with a brilliant medical future if he studies under Dr. Hochberg (Jean Hersholt) and a brilliant financial one if he marries Myrna Loy. The choice is between work for the next seven years at sixteen hours a day and love in idleness.

Up to this point the direction of Richard Boleslavsky and the magnificence of the hospital set give promise of a fine picture. Clark Gable manages to look like an industrious surgeon, and to suggest that he has ambitions about his career as well as about Myrna.

Soon, however, the film begins to waver. The more familiar Clark appears and seduces an English nurse, Elizabeth Allan. The occasion is an evening when Myrna fails him; the excuse is that Elizabeth was feeling lonely.

The Censor Steps In

Then, owing to the intervention of the Censor, we are switched to the scene where Elizabeth, dangerously ill, is about to undergo a serious operation. To the person unacquainted with the stage-play this is unintelligible; and Clark's reiterations to Myrna that he must marry Elizabeth on her recovery merely reeks of the novelette. When Elizabeth dies the film recollects its problem. But it is far too late. It does not matter now whether Clark chooses to become a great surgeon or a great general practitioner. Myrna's final renunciation "for the sake of humanity" is just a piece of high-sounding clap-trap.

The *débâcle* is not primarily due to the Censor. He has damaged the film, it is true, but his is a responsible task and he is forced to consider the public attitude. Here the trouble lies deeper. It lies in basing the film upon stage material and in trying to adapt that material exactly as it stands. With a little foresight the film producers could have seen that the plot of the play could never pass the Censor in film form. Instead they paid £12,000 for the scenario rights of a film that was doomed to mutilation before the first shot was taken.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford Street (Ger. 2981)

ROBERT LYNEN in

'POIL DE CAROTTE'

and René Clair's

'AN ITALIAN STRAW HAT' (U)